THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXV No 46—E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12th, 1926.

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FOR SALE OR TO LET—Modern new home on Alma Ave., 8 rooms and bath, electric light, etc. Apply ARTHUR CLARK. 46

FOR SALE OR RENT—A very commodious house and lot with all modern conveniences, situate in South Napanee. Apply to T. B. GERMAN. 41

FOR SALE—Two storey brick dwelling, modern conveniences, newly decorated, garage. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Solicitor, Napanee, Ontario. 27-tf

STOLEN—The Party that took wrenches and tools from Jack McGillin's property on Sunday night, Oct. 3rd, please return and avoid further trouble, as the party is known. 46-ap

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE OR TO LET—In Adolphustown, 200 acres more or less. Possession December, 1st. Privilege to plow after this harvest. Apply U. M. WILSON, Napanee. 37

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 100 acres. Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FARM TO RENT—One mile east of Odessa, 80 acres more or less, large new dwelling house, also large barn and outbuildings. Public and High Schools in Odessa. Rent $5.00 per year and taxes. Apply H. S. DAVY, Owner, Box 15, Odessa, Ont. 45-tf

FOR SALE—Very commodious and up-to-date brick house and lot situate South Napanee, good barn, hen house, best of water, beautiful garden and attractive surroundings. Hard and soft water in kitchen also bath room. 3-5 of an acre of land. Apply to T. B. GERMAN. 25-tf

FARM FOR SALE—Northern part of lots 24 and 25, third concession of Township of Richmond, containing 67 acres. This is an ideal farm for market gardening or dairying, only 1½ miles from town. Large brick house, good barn stabling and other necessary buildings all in good state of repair, known as Vandebogart farm. Apply to SHERIFF VANDERVOORT, Court House, or MRS. WM. VANDEBOGART, on farm. 45-tf

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We encourage farmers to strive for bigger and better production by extending loans for the purpose of sound development.

Consult our local manager. 11

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NAPANEE BRANCH,

C. WAITE, Manager.

SPORTS HELD BY NAPANEE COLLEGIATE

The annual field day of the Napanee Collegiate Institute was held on Friday afternoon, Oct. 8th. Owing to the unfavorable weather of the past week the field events were held. There was keen competition in most of the contests among the N.C.I. pupils, but there were no entries from other schools as in previous years. A number of ex-pupils attended the sports and cheered the winners. The following are the winners in the different events for the girls:—

Running high jump—Seniors, Hazel Moss, Hazel O'Neill; Intermediates, Helen Grange, Lenore Black; Juniors, Marjorie Daly, Grace Harrigan.

Standing Broad Jump—Seniors, Hazel O'Neill, Mildred Rikley; Intermediates, Helen Grange, Edith MacMorine; Juniors, Mabel Jackson, M. Daly.

Running Broad Jump—Seniors, M. Rikley, H. O'Neill; Intermediates, Helen Grange, H. Drake; Juniors, M. Daly, G. Parrott.

Running Hop, Step and Jump—Seniors, H. O'Neill, M. Rikley; Intermediates, Helen Grange, Edith MacMorine; Juniors, M. Daly, G. Parrott.

Throwing Soft Ball—Seniors, H. O'Neill, M. Grass; Intermediates, Margaret Douglas, K. Dixon; Juniors, G. Parrott, F. Wright.

The boys events resulted as follows:

Running Broad Jump—Seniors, R. Cowle, M. Corkill; Intermediates, C. Walters, Leslie Merritt; Juniors, H. Robinson, R. Vanalstine.

Running Hop, Step and Jump—Senior, Ralph Cowle; Junior, C. Reid.

Standing Hop, Step and Jump—Seniors, D. Anderson, R. Cowle, M. Corkill; Intermediates, J. Grange, C. Reid; Juniors, A. Robinson, D. Oliver, C. Harrington.

Pole Vault—Senior, F. Ballard; Intermediate, W. VanBusen; Junior, R. Robinson.

In the evening the pupils and their friends gathered in the Assembly Hall, where an enjoyable evening was spent in dancing. Walter's orchestra provided excellent music.

HOME AFTER LENGTHY VISIT.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Haycock, of Adolphustown, returned last week from spending the summer in the British Isles. They returned on the Canadian Pacific Railway lines Montreal and motored from Montreal to Kingston, arriving there Sunday at noon. They made their headquarters with their son at Manchester, but while in the old land took and extended trip of 5,000 miles, visiting London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Carlisle and many other important cities. Trips were also made throughout the Trossachs and through the mountainous district of North Wales. Mr. Haycock found conditions in the old land, Mr. Haycock said that the coal strike was having a very bad effect on the country. To him it seemed just as vital to Great Britain that the coal mines should be running as it is to Canada that the farms of this country should be producing. Mr. Haycock said he felt that the prolonged strike was having a very disastrous effect on the industrial progress of Great Britain. While on the other side of the water, Mr. Hycock also paid a visit to the Irish Free State, spending some time in and around Dublin. "We had a delightful trip both too and from England," said Mr. Haycock, "and it was so calm going over that anyone could have followed the line of march for the canoe. Coming back it was just rough enough to make us feel that we had our money's worth." The veteran farmer-solitician, of Adolphustown, returns from his trip in the very best of health and says that while he enjoyed every moment of his delightful visit to the old country, he is glad to be back in old Ontario once again. Mr. and Mrs. Haycock are at present spending a few days in Kingston with their daughter, Mrs. L. D. Vosper, Earl street, but will shortly return to their home in Adolphustown.

Cement!

A fresh carload just in.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

CONSERVATIVES CHOOSE GUTHRIE AS HOUSE LEADER

Ottawa, Oct. 11.—Hon. Hugh Guthrie, a former Liberal, was to-day chosen to lead the Conservatives at the forthcoming session of Parliament. The resignation of Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, Leader for the past six years, was accepted with manifestations of regret, and a committee was named to make plans for a national convention in the spring, at which a permanent leader is to be selected.

These were the three outstanding events at a Dominion-wide Conservative conference composed of Senators, members of the new Parliament, and defeated candidates.

CHOSEN ON THIRD BALLOT.

Mr. Guthrie was chosen just before 7 o'clock tonight on the third ballot by Senators and members-elect, the defeated candidates having withdrawn from the meeting following the acceptance of Mr. Meighen's resignation and the decision to hold a national convention to make the final choice.

NEVER DEFEATED AT POLLS

The new Leader is a son of Donald Guthrie, K.C., who also sat in South Wellington from 1876 to 1882. He has never been defeated at the polls. For nineteen years of his Parliamentary career he was elected in the Liberal interests as a follower of the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, along with many other Liberals, he voted for the Military Service Act in the summer of 1917, and in October of that year was sworn in as Solicitor-General in the Union Government formed by Sir Robert Borden.

In 1920, following the war, he became Minister of Militia and Defense under Sir Robert Borden and upon the formation of the Meighen Ministry, following the resignation of Sir Robert Borden as Prime Minister, was reappointed to the same portfolio, resigning in December, 1921, when his party was defeated by the Liberals at a general election. In the Meighen Cabinet formed in July of this year, he was again appointed Minister of Defense, being retired once more by the general election in September.

CALL VANLUVEN

For Domestic Buckwheat. It cuts your coal bill. It's the D.L. & W. special.

ODESSA.

On Wednesday night Mrs. Fred Wales and daughter, Ola, and son, Clarence, Toronto, gave a very fine entertainment consisting of vocal and instrumental selections, readings, fancy dancing. The large hall was filled to capacity and many compliments were paid the talented family. Mrs. Wales was an Odessa girl and daughter of the late W. R. Lee, of this place, and Mrs. Lee, Toronto, after the concert there was a social dance, which had a large attendance. The music was furnished by Napanee orchestra.

Mrs. Stanley Sproule has returned from visiting her sister, Mrs. Johnson, Millbrook.

Miss Helen Sproule is attending Peterborough Normal School.

James Boyce has purchased a new closed car.

Sidney Clark has purchased a touring car.

The township show held Tuesday and Wednesday, considering the disagreeable weather, was fairly well attended. There was a social dance in the town hall, Tuesday night. Enterprise orchestra furnished excellent music.

Misses Jennie, Hattie and Kate Henzig, Kingston, spent last week-end guests of Mrs. B. L. King and Mrs. W. E. Topliff.

John Swift and Alexander West, Cobourg, spent a few days with the former's son, J. L. Swift.

Mr. and Mrs. George Way, Watertown, N.Y., and Marshall Mabee, Picton, were guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Mabee last Tuesday.

Ernest Crowe, Cobourg, is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Hazel Denyes, New York, is the guest of her brother, Shelly Denyes.

Mr. and Mrs. George Freeman, Sydenham, spent Wednesday with the former's sister, Mrs. Lewis Snider.

Mr. and Mrs. Oakel Drew and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Quinn, Desmond, Mr. and Mrs. John Shane, Newburgh, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shane, Morven, spent last Sunday with Mr and Mrs. James Shane.

Dr. Oswald Vrooman, wife and daughter, at H. Vrooman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Bedore, Miss Mary Leamy, Miss Josephine Leamy and Mrs. Davern, Napanee, spent Wednesday evening at W. E. Topliff's.

Kenneth Briden, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Leaf, Minneapolis, spent the past two weeks with the former's aunt, Mrs. R. Hannah.

Dr. B. N. Hamm and Mrs. Hamm and family, Portland, Ore., and Miss Minnie Clark, Kingston, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Hamm.

Mrs. Wm. Jenkins is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Geo. Watts. Miss Georgie Ettinger, Kingston, was also a week-end guest.

AT VANLUVEN'S

You can get 2 tons of fuel, clean and smokeless, equal to 2 tons of hard coal, for $23.50.

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FOR RETIRED FARMER

In Village of Bath, Ontario. New Brick Bungalow, full basement, bath and toilet, eight acres, fronts on Bay of Quinte. Will sell below cost.

MRS. I. I. COGLON,
38--2-m Bath.

COURT OF REVISION.

Township of Sheffield.

Notice is hereby given that a Court will be held pursuant to the Ontario Voters' List Act, by His Honour the Judge of the County Court of the County of Lennox and Addington at the Town Hall, in the Village of Tamworth, on Monday, October 11th, 1926, at 2.30 p.m., to hear and determine complaints of errors and omissions in the Voters' List of the Municipality of Sheffield for 1926.

JOHN E. PARKS,
Tp. Clerk, Sheffield,
And Clerk of said Court.

Dated at Tamworth, Oct. 1st, 1926.

SOFTBALL

The Napanee Leafs have been turning in some very creditable performances lately. When the Alemites, of Belleville, came to town and managed to squeeze out on the long end of a 21-20 score last week, the girls got mad, and when the return game was staged in Belleville on Tuesday, they were right on their game. The hitting and fielding was of the spectacular order throughout, home runs being registered by Marion Embury and Margaret Douglas, as well as a long triple by Mary Stinson. Miss Douglas hit was the longest ever seen by a girl batter in the Belleville Armouries. As the regular pitcher was unable to accompany the team, Miss Hazel O'Neill was sent into the box, and with a fine change of pace and perfect control, completely fooled the Alemites, who have the reputation of being a heavy hitting team. Her performance was all the more remarkable in that it was her first appearance in the box.

The Frontenac boys team was unable to compete with the fast ball from the Napanee boys pitchers, but by superior base running and fielding were able to make their game interesting, although they were beaten.

On Thursday night two games were staged in the Armouries here, Town of Napanee vs. Frontenac Club, and Napanee Leafs vs. Tamworth. In the first game the superior experience of the Militia was evident from the first, and in the fourth inning it was all over. The difficulty that they were retired at all. Twenty one runs crossed the plate before the third batter was out. Final score, 29-0.

Last summer a pick-up team, wearing the colors of the Leafs, went to Tamworth and had very little difficulty in beating the team which represented that town that day. It was therefore expected that the girls would be another walk-away. But the Tamworth girls produced perhaps the best battery that has been seen here since Annie Miller and the Nationals played here last spring. The Tamworth pitcher used a fast ball, which she controlled so perfectly that after trying to make the local batter swing at three bad ones, she could put the next three right over. The records show that she struck out sixteen batters.

Dorothy Johnston, the local twirler, was therefore called upon to give of her best, and this she did, having given an even number of strikeouts. Unless we are mistaken, her eighteen batters up to the time she retired is a record locally. The crowd did not take so well to the delivery of the Tamworth pitcher, however, as the locals only took two full twenty seconds to pitch each ball, and sometimes many more, but despite the locals, the superior base running and fielding, were victorious by a 12-10 score.

A new feature was introduced in the Leafs' game, in that umpires were used for the first time, and did very good work indeed. Mary Stinson called them behind the plate, and Marion Douglas and Hazel O'Neill worked on the bases. They all showed a thorough knowledge of the game and their decisions were very impartial and were seldom criticised.

A meeting of the Napanee Inter-Church Softball Association will be held in the Armouries tonight (Tuesday) and all who are interested in any way in the game are invited to be present. All teams entering this year should have their representatives out to vote on the election of officers and the league will be going again very soon.

NAPANEE BRANCH V. O. N.

The Order acknowledges with thanks the sum of $30.00, being the September instalment from the Board of Education.

The Nurse's report for September:

No. of patients nursed, 15.
No. of nursing visits, 86.
No. of clinics held, 5.
Total attendance, 38.
Fees—Metropolitan Insurance Co., $8.00; Patients, $40.75.
Schools,—
No. of visits, 15.
Hours spent in school nursing, 30.
No. of children inspected, 210.
No. of children weighed, 21.
Defects, corrected 7.
Minor treatments, 65.
Class-room Health Talks, 9.
No. Home School visits, 11.
No. children re-admitted, 65.
Referred to Dentist, 8.

On September 28th a Health Talk was given by Miss Robertson, in the Board Room of the Public Library, to the members of the Local Branch of the W.C.T.U.

Miss Josephine Leamy, Convenor of the Relief Committee of the V.O.N., is arranging to start the sewing meetings, on the afternoon of October 18th. It is hoped advisable to hold the meetings in the Council Chamber instead of the S. A. Barracks, the Council Chamber being more central. The Order feels deeply indebted to the Salvation Army for the use of the Barracks last Fall, and the kindness is greatly appreciated.

SARA H. THOMPSON,
Secretary.

CALL VANLUVEN

For your coke. It's Solvay—the better coke.

Going Shooting?

Guns, rifles, shot, shells and cartridges.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

RICHMOND MINUTES

Council met in Town Hall, Selby, Reeve Hoover presiding. Minutes of last meeting were read and adopted.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by G. Martin, that John E. Hudgins' Pay Sheet No. 6, amounting to $915.08, be paid and charged to various items on pay sheet. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by C. Martin, that Harvey Bradshaw be tax collector for 1926, at a salary of $110, he to furnish satisfactory bonds, and a by-law be drafted accordingly. Carried.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that By-law No. 746, appointing a tax collector, receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Amount expended by Richmond township on boundary between Camden and Richmond in August and September, amounted to $439.25. Clerk to bill Camden for one half said amount.

Council adjourned to meet on Tuesday, Nov. 2nd.

WILTON WEST.

Farmers are making good use of the fine weather that has been getting out their potatoes and cutting corn.

Work has commenced rebuilding the Victoria bridge, which has been in a very bad condition for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Scott and two children, Billie and baby Vivian, have left for their home in Geneva, accompanied by their sister, Miss Hazel Frink, after spending the past two months with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Frink.

The anniversary service of the United Church, of Wilton, was largely attended. Rev. Mr. Hollingsworth, Sydenham, gave a very interesting sermon both morning and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Atchison spent last week-end with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Newman.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cummings spent Thursday evening last with Mr. and Mrs. Torrance Babcock.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Cummings spent Thursday evening last with Mr. and Mrs. Torrance Babcock.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Frink spent Sunday last with Mr. and Mrs. Russell Craig, Switzerville.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Smith spent Sunday last with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Asselstine.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Soles, Kingston, spent Wednesday last with her aunt, Mrs. J. W. Frink.

VANLUVEN

Sells the D. L. & W. coal—the better coal—in stove, egg, chestnut, pea and buckwheat. We can supply you all winter.

DESERONTO.

On Thursday afternoon, Mrs. George Sero, aged 17, a widow, was brought before magistrate Bedford, on a charge of attempted suicide. She was given an indeterminate sentence of six months and not more than twelve in the Mercer Reformatory in Toronto.

Mrs. Susan Tompkins, of Watertown, N.Y., spent the week-end as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hogan Bonter.

Mr. Jas. Naphin, of Belleville, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Naphin.

An overturned car belonging to Alex Papineau ran into the telephone pole in front of Houle's store, Friday night, after hitting the pole it swerved and struck a Ford coupe belonging to John Maracle. The Papineau car was badly damaged while John Maracle's came out of the mix-up with a broken fender and tire carrier. No one was injured. It was settled on the spot presumably as no one was arrested.

Mrs. Leo Maracle, in attempting to take their Ford car and return home, on coming out of Perry's alleyway ran off the culvert, crippling the steering apparatus, so they were taken home in another car. Their own being taken to Thompson's garage for needed repairs.

Russell Maracle, while proceeding up Mill street, on his way home, in attempting to turn out on the highway at this point turned too short thereby putting his car over the culvert, crippling the steering apparatus. The car was taken to a garage for repairs.

Robt. Rixen, late of the Bank of Commerce, Belleville, who has resigned his position with the bank and accepted one with the Quaker Oats Co., of Peterboro, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rixen, over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cole have taken up residence on fourth street for the winter.

Thomas Naylor, of Ravena, N. Y., was the guest of his mother, Mrs. S. E. Naylor, over the week-end.

COMING :-: EVENTS

SWASTIKA CLUB THANKSGIVING Dance, Masonic Hall, Friday evening, Nov. 5th, 1926.

RESERVE THURSDAY EVENING, October 28th, for an "Old Time Concert" in St. Andrews United Church.

THE NAPANEE GOLF and Country Club will give a dance, for members only, in the Club House, on Wednesday evening.

CHICKEN DINNER—The Ladies' Aid Society of Trinity United Church will hold a Chicken Dinner, followed by a high class concert, on Friday evening, October 22nd. Tickets 50 cents. 46-b

ODESSA FALL FAIR

The annual Fair at Odessa was held on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. There was a splendid lot of exhibits in the building, but the wet weather interfered greatly with the out of doors events. The horse races, track events and ball games had to be cancelled on account of the unfavorable weather.

Following is the Prize List:

DRAUGHT HORSES

Span horses—Cecil Denyes, G. W. Lucas, C. F. Reid.
3-year-old gelding or mare—S. A. Denyes.
2-year-old colt—Cecil Denyes.
1-year-old colt—Cecil Denyes.

GENERAL PURPOSE HORSES

Span horses—Fred Clancy, S. Wagar, Wm. Robertson.
2-year-old colt—P. R. Reid.
Foal of 1926—A. W. Macdonald.
Brood mare and foal—A. W. Macdonald.

AGRICULTURAL HORSES

Span horses—D. B. Smith, J. Kenny, Chester Card.
2-year-old colt—Frank Smith, W. Macdonald.
1-year-old colt—F. Smith.

CARRIAGE HORSES

Span carriage horses, 15½ hands and over—Ralph Botting, Wm. Robertson.
Single carriage horse, 15½ hands and over—Rutledge Bros., Robert Nugent.
Single carriage horse, 15½ hands and under—Ottis Huffman, Calvin Thurlow, Alan Kenny.
3-year-old gelding or mare—D. L. Boyce.
2-year-old colt—A. Chapman.
1-year-old colt—D. L. Boyce.

ROADSTER, TROTTING OR PACING HORSES

Span roadster horses, 15½ hands and under—A. B. Hagerdorn, Sydenham, Chas. Morrow.
Single roadster horse, 15½ hands— and under—E. A. Kaylor, Fred Clancy, Robt. Nugent.
Single roadster horse, 15½ hands and over—W. C. Loyst, C. N. Stoker.
3-year-old colt—E. A. Kaylor.
2-year-old colt—A. V. Hagerman, Amos Davis.
1-year-old colt—A. V. Hagerman.
Foal of 1926—Walter Hegadorn.
Brood mare and foal—Walter Hegadorn.

DURHAM CATTLE

Yearling bull—R. H. Long.
Heifer calf, under 1 year—R. H. Long.
Heifer calf, 1926—R. H. Long.

AYRSHIRE CATTLE

Milch cow—Bruce Smith.
3-year-old heifer—F. Smith.
Bull calf, 1926—Frank Smith.

HOLSTEIN CATTLE

Bull, 2 years and over—Edw. Thurlow.
Yearling bull—G. W. Lucas.
Cow—Edw. Thurlow, G. W. Lucas, Walter Thurlow.
3-year-old heifer—E. Thurlow, W. Thurlow, G. W. Lucas.
Yearling heifer—E. Thurlow, W. Thurlow.
Heifer calf, under 1 year—G. W. Lucas.
Heifer calf, 1926—G. W. Lucas.
Bull calf, 1926—Ernie Walker, G. W. Lucas, E. Thurlow.
Bull calf, under 1 year—Jas. Marlatt.

GRADE CATTLE FOR DAIRY

Milch cow—Jas. McFarlane, R. J. McFarlane, Frank Smith.
3-year-old heifer—Jas. McFarlane, F. Smith, R. J. McFarlane.
Yearling heifer—Jas. McFarlane, R. J. McFarlane, Calvin Emmons.
2-year-old heifer—Jas. McFarlane, Frank Smith.
Heifer calf, 1926—C. F. Reid, F. Smith, Jas. McFarlane.
Heifer calf, under 1 year—Jas. McFarlane, C. F. Reid.

SWINE

Boar, Yorkshire—Chester Card.
Brood sow, Yorkshire—J. R. Garbutt, C. F. Reid, P. R. Reid.
Boar pig, 1926, Yorkshire—J. R. Garbutt, P. R. Reid, Clarence Martin.
Boar pig, 1926, Yorkshire—Clarence Martin, P. R. Reid, C. F. Reid.
Boar pig, 1926, Tamworth—Addie Clancy.
Sow, 1926, Tamworth—Addie Clancy.
Boar, Berkshire or Hampshire—Addie Clancy.
Boar pig, 1926, Berkshire or Hampshire—Addie Clancy, Clarence Martin.
Sow, 1926, Berkshire or Hampshire—Clarence Martin, Addie Clancy.
Pen of 3 bacon hogs—P. R. Reid, C. F. Reid, Cecil Denyes.

COTSWOLD AND LEICESTER SHEEP

Ram—J. R. Garbutt.
Ram of 1926—J. R. Garbutt.
Yearling ram—J.R. Garbutt.
Ewe—J. R. Garbutt.
Ewe of 1926—J. R. Garbutt.
Yearling ewe—J. R. Garbutt.

SOUTHDOWN AND MERINO SHEEP

Ram—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, R. J. McFarlane.
Ram of 1926—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, R. J. McFarlane.
Yearling ram—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, R. J. McFarlane.
Ewe—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, Ewe of 1926—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane.
Yearling ewe—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, R. J. McFarlane.

SHROPSHIRE SHEEP

Ram—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, R. J. McFarlane.
Ram of 1926—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, R. J. McFarlane.
Yearling ram—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane.
Ewe of 1926—Jas. McFarlane, R. J. McFarlane, C. Martin.
Yearling ewe—C. Martin, R. J. McFarlane, Jas. McFarlane.

(Continued on page 2).

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

MOSES HONORED IN HIS DEATH

Sunday, Oct. 17—Deut. 32 : 45-52 ; 34 : 5-8.

Golden Text—Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. (Psa. 116 : 15).

The third and last forty-year period in Moses' life had come to an end. His first 40 years were spent at the court of Egypt as the son of a Royal Princess. The second 40 years were spent as an exile in the land of Midian (Exodus 7 : 7 ; Acts 7 : 29, 30). The third 40 years were spent in leading Israel out of Egypt and through the wilderness to the land of Moab, across the Jordan to the east of Canaan.

At the age of 120 years Moses's "eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." He was one of the mightiest, most extraordinary characters in all Bible history, and that means in the history of the world. His life and career cannot be accounted for in any natural way ; he was supernaturally chosen of God for his work, set apart, and enlightened and empowered in ways that only God could bring to pass. His record and life work are unique.

The time had come for Moses to die. It was not because he was sick, or feeble, or worn out ; the Bible says just the opposite. But he had finished his work on earth for God and men. The Bible never makes light of death ; never denies its reality, never evades or avoids the subject. Nor does the Bible ever whitewash or gloss over the mistakes, frailties, or sins of its greatest heroes. It plainly declares that Moses must die without taking his loved people Israel into the land of Canaan, because of a certain sin he had committed long before.

In view of the stern, sad fact of Moses's death occurring as it did, we should understand the significance of that sin. It happened when Israel was in Kadesh, and there was no water there in the desert. At this same place, 20 years earlier, Israel had been without water, and God had directed Moses to smite a rock ; he did so, and water came from the rock that the people might drink. But the second time, under the same circumstances, Lord told Moses to speak unto the rock and it should give forth water. Instead of which, Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice" (Num. 20 : 8-12). Because of this sin we are told repeatedly after that (Num. 20 : 12-14 ; Deut. 3 : 24-27 ; 32 : 49-52 ; 34 : 4) God could not permit Moses to bring Israel into the promised land.

But why ? The rock stood for Christ, as the New Testament Scriptures tell us : "For they (Israel) drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them ; and that Rock was Christ" (1 Cor. 10 : 4) ; and Christ, "once smitten, needs not to be smitten (crucified) again." Moses's act exalted himself (Num. 20 : 10), and implied (in type) that the one sacrifice was ineffectual, thus denying the eternal efficacy of the blood (Heb. 9 : 25, 26 ; 10 : 3, 11, 12).

But Moses accepted God's decision and dealing in the matter. There is beautiful humility and dignity in the record of Moses's preparation for death and its actual consummation. There is no hint of resentment or rebellion ; and God's own Word, in recording the death, tells us "there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face."

Before Moses's spirit left his body, after he had gone up "from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah," we read that "the Lord showed him all the land," saying, "This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed."

Has any other child of God in all history had such a death and burial ? Moses died there in fellowship and conversation with God, in His presence, and God Himself "buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor ;but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." God honoured Moses as no other man has ever been honored.

And Moses was permitted to visit the land of Canaan, though he could not lead Israel triumphantly into that land. One day, almost fifteen centuries later, when the Lord Jesus Christ had taken Peter, James and John up into a high mountain apart, and "was transfigured before them.....behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with Him" (Matt. 17 : 1-3). Again, How God honored Moses !

Was it because Satan wanted to prevent Moses from having this honor that he attempted to claim the body of Moses, as we read in Jude 9 ? We may not know just what that mysterious passage means, but it tells us that an archangel contended with the devil about Moses's body, and said to Satan, "The Lord rebuke thee."

We shall know more about this and more about the greatness of this wonderful man of God some day, when in the presence of God we join with those who "sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty ; just and true are Thy ways, thou King of Saints" (Rev. 15:3).

Bible Figures.

The total number of verses in the Bible is 31,172. Others figures are: Letters, 3,390,480; words, 773,746; chapters, 1,189; books, 66. The two central verses are 32 and 33 in Psalm cxxvii.

Dream Bells.

Bells in a dream are said to be favorable. If you are in love their chiming is stated to be a sign of a happy marriage. If you are in business they are believed to denote success.

The Listeners Do Sometimes.

Decidedly mixed was the schoolboy who wrote: "A man who looks on the bright side of things is an optimist, but a pianist looks on the dark side."—Boston Transcript.

Ancient London Markets.

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"Do you mean Shirley who moved up to Morganville, last spring?"

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Established 1817

ODESSA FALL FAIR

(Continued from page 1).

DORSET HORNED SHEEP

Ram of 1926—D. B. Smith, F. Smith.
Yearline ram—D. B. Smith.
Ewe—D. B. Smith, F. Smith.
Ewe of 1926—D. B. Smith, F. Smith.
Yearline ewe—D. B. Smith, F. Smith.

OXFORD DOWN AND HAMPSHIRE DOWN SHEEP

Ram—C. Martin, R. J. McFarlane, Jas. McFarlane.
Ram of 1926—Jas. McFarlane, C. Martin, R. J. McFaralne.
Yearling ram—C. Martin, R. J. McFarlane, Jas. McFarlane.
Ewe—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, R. J. McFarlane.
Ewe of 1926—R. J. McFarlane, Jas. McFarlane.
Yearline Ewe—C. Martin, R. J. McFarlane, Jas. McFarlane.

POULTRY

Pair Andulasians — Berniece Henderson.
Pair Orpingtons—Walter Atkinson, Courtland Snider, H. E. Sutton.
Pair Barred Rocks—D. B. Smith, Ernie Walker, R. Nugent.
Pair White Leghorns—Oliver Shangraw, E. S. Parrott, C. Card.
Pair Brown Leghorns—Robt. Nugent, A. B .Hegadorn, A. B. Hegadorn.
Pair Rhode Island Reds—C. L. Hicks, Wm. Robertson.
Pair Ducks—A. B. Hegadorn, Courtland Snider.
Pair Geese—E. S. Parrott, W. Atkinson.
Collection of 3 hens and 1 rooster, breeding pen—R. Nugent, C. Snider, Percy Maxwell.
Pair Minorcas—Berniece Henderson, C. L. Hicks, Robt. Nugent.
Pair Wyandottes—A. M. McDonald, R. J. McFarlane.
Pair Barred Rocks, 1926—H. E. Sutton, Oliver Henderson, Ernie Walker.
Pair Wyandottes, 1926—G. L. Hicks, A. W. McDonald, H. E. Sutton.
Pair Legorns, 1926—C. Card, R. Nugent, C. Card.
Pair Rhode Island Reds, 1926—A. W. McDonald, Wm. Robertson, H. E. Sutton.

GRAIN SEED

Spring Wheat—A. B. Hegadorn, W. A. McCall, Fred Clancy.
Fall Wheat—C. L. Hicks, W. A. McCall, Fred Clancy.
Rye—W. A. McCall, F. Clancy.
Barley—W. A. McCall, Chas. Amey.
Peas—C. L. Hicks, W. A. McCall.
Oats, whie—C. Amey, W. A. McCall, Rutledge Bros.
Buckwheat — Rutledge Bros., Bruce Smith, W. A. McCall.
Clover Seed, 1925—W. A. McCall, Rutledge Bros., A. B. Hegadorn.
Timothy Seed, 1926—D. L. Boyce, W. M. Clark, A. B. Hegadorn.
Beans—John Hagerman, Addie Clancy, W. A. McCall.
Rock Corn—H. E. Sutton, Addie Clancy, C. L. Hicks.
Evergreen Corn—Addie Clancy, G. L. Bliss, H. L. Smith.

VEGETABLES, FRUITS AND ROOTS

Red Potatoes—A. W. McDonald H. E. Sutton, Calvin Emmons.
White Potatoes—O. Henderson, H. Lucas, E. R. Parrott.
Turnips—H. E. Sutton.
Carrots—G. L. Bliss, O. Henderson, A. B. Hegadorn.
Table Beets—L. Hartman, H. L. Smith, Addie Clancy.
Onions—Geo. L. Bliss, W. A. McCall, C. L. Hicks.
Cabbage—C. Morrow, W. J. Snider, Geo. L. Bliss.
Northern Spy—E. S. Parrott, Robt. Nugent.
Talman Sweet—E. S. Parrott, Mrs. W. N. Osborne, W. Atkinson.
Pears—E. S. Parrott, Frank Smith, D. B. Smith.
Plums—A. B. Hegadorn, W. M. Clark, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Grapes—Hervey Lucas.
Red Peppers—S. Snider, H. E. Sutton, A. B. Hegadorn.
Tomatoes—S. Snider, C. E. Snider, Byron Jackson.
Celery—G. L. Bliss, A. B. Hegadorn, O. Henderson.
Collection Vegetables and Roots—H. E. Sutton.
Collection Fruit—P. Maxwell, H. E. Sutton.
Russett Apples—P. Maxwell, F. S. McPherson, G. L .Bliss.
Snow Apples—Oscar Graam, Mrs. W. N. Osborne, D. B. Smith.
Bell Flower Apples—E. S. Parrott, Mrs. W. N. Osborne, Hervey L. Smith.
St. Lawrence Apples—E. S. Parrott, R. J. McFarlane, E .A. Taylor.
Duchess Apples—Bruce Smith, Frank Smith, D. B. Smith.
Ben Davis Apples—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, E. S. Parrott.
Seek-No-Further—E. S. Parrott, Mrs. W. N .Osborne.
Wolfe River Apples—Geo. L. Bliss, Mrs. W. N. Osborne, E. S. Parrott.
Stark Apples—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, E. S. Parrott.
Wealthy Apples—S. Snider, B. Smith, C. Amey.
Maiden Blush Apples—S. Snider, Oscar Graham.
Balwin Apples—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, E. S. Parrott.
Cauliflower—W. A. McCall, W. Hagerman, C. L. Hick s .
Squash—Addie Clancy, Fred Clancy.
Citrons—A. W. McDonald, H. L. Smith, C. L. Hicks.
Pumpkin—M. L. Fraser, W. M. Clark, F. Clancy.
Field Carrots—C. L. Hicks, Addie Clancy, E. A. Taylor.

WAGONS, CARRIAGES AND HARNESS

Market Spring Wagon—Addie Clancy, John Hagerman.
Top Buggy—A. B. Hegadorn, Robt. Nugent, Fred Clancy.
Single Carriage Harness—G. W. Lucas.
Double Carriage Harness handmade—A. B. Hegadorn.
Lumber Harness—John Hagerman, C. F. Reid.

DAIRY, APIARY, ETC.

Butter, 5 lbs. in crock—Byron Jackson, Addie Clancy.
Butter, 3 lbs. in roll—Addie Clancy, Berniece Henderson.
Butter, 3 lbs. in lb. prints.—G. L. Bliss, Byron Jackson, W. H. Turnham.
Cheese—Hervey Smith.
Home rendered lard—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, A. B. Hegadorn.
Honey, in sections—B. Jackson, W. A. McCall, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Honey, extracted—B. Jackson, W. A. McCall, L. Hartman.
Maple Syrup, 1926 make—C. Amey, F. Smith, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Maple Sugar, 192 6make—H. L. Smith, W. A. McCall.
Hen's Egg, white—F. Smith, D. B. Smith, C. Amey.
Hens Eggs, brown—W. M. Clark, W. H. Turnham, Robt. Nugent.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

White Bread, yeast—H. E. Sutton, F. Brown.
Nut Bread, quick—D. B. Smith, Frank Smith.
Yeast Buns—C. Amey, S. Snider.
Light Tea Biscuits—C. Amey, Frank Smith.
Oatmeal Cookies—R. Nugent, Addie Clancy.
Sponge Cake—J. Hagerman, D. B. Smith.
Layer Cake—H. G .Smith, H. L. Smith.
Apple Pie—A .W. McDonald, M. S. Hill, A. W. McDonald.
Pumpkin Pie—S. Snider, F. Smith.
Meat Pie—H. G. Smith, A. B. Hegadorn, Addie Clancy.
Canned Raspberries—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, H. L. Smith.
Canned Strawberries—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, E. S. Parrott.
Canned Cherries—F. Smith, A. B. Hegadorn.
Canned Plums—H. G .Smith, F. Smith.
Canned Pears—H. E. Sutton, W. H. Turnham.
Preserved Citron—H. E. Sutton, H. Lucas.
Preserved Peaches—H. E. Sutton, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Black Currant Jam—H. Lucas, Frank Smith.
Other Native Fruit Jam—D. L. Boyce, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Apple Jelly—S. Snider, Addie Clancy.
Red Currant Jelly—D. B. Smith Frank Smith.
Raspberry Jelly—H. E. Sutton, Addie Clancy.
Other Native Fruit Jelly—P. Maxwell, F. Smith.
Canned Tomatoes—F. Smith, H. Lucas.
Canned Corn—C. Card, Chas. Morrow.
Canned Beans—W. H. Turnham, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Mixed Sour Pickles—A. B. Hegadorn, M. S. Hill.
Mustard Pickles—L. Hartman, W. J. Snider.
Tomato Catsup—Percy Maxwell, C. F. Reid.
Green Relish—C. Amey, Oliver Henderson.

LADIES' WORK, USEFUL

Quilt, pieced cotton—M. S. Hill, W. A. McCall.
Quilt, fancy quilting—W. A. McCall, C. Amey.
Comforter, home-made—D. L. Boyce, S. Snider.
Fancy Bredspread, and-work—W. A. McCall, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Machine (not factory) made garment—S. Snider, W. A. McCall
Cotton sheet, hand-made, unlaundered—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, W. A. McCall.
Child's one-piece dress, made from old garment—O. Henderson, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Pair hand knit Woolen Socks—Addie Clancy, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Pair hand knit Woolen Mitts—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, Berniece Henderson.
Mending worn Table Linen—L. Hartman, M. S. Hill.
Floor Mat, braided—W .A. McCall, H. E. Sutton.
Floor Mat, other kind—W .A. McCall, H. E. Sutton.
Sweater Coat, knit—Carman Day, W. A. McCall.
Sweater Coat, crochet—W. A. McCall.

LADIES' WORK, FANCY

Irish Crochet—L. Hartman, M. L. Fraser.
Filet Crochet, fine—W. A. McCall, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Filet Crochet, coarse—W. A. McCall, Oliver Henderson.
Braid Thread Lace—M. L. Fraser, L. Hartman.
Tatting—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, M. L. Fraser.
Sweater Weaving—L. Hartman, S. Snider.
Eyelet Embroidery—W. A. McCall, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Solid White Embroidery—W. A. McCall, E. S. Parrott.
Roman Cut Work—W. A. McCall, Lewis Hartman.
Modern Floral Embroidery—W. A. McCall, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
French Knot Embroidery—O. Henderson, C. Amey.
Five O'clock Tea Cloth, hand work—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, H. E. Sutton.
Centre Piece and Six Doyleys—W. A. McCall, E. S. Parrott.
Set Table Mats—W. A. McCall, M. L. Fraser.
Serviettes, hand work—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, H. E. Sutton.
Table Cloth and Napkins—W. J. Snider, W. A. McCall.
Tea Cloths or Table Ends—W. A. McCall, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Tea Cosey, wool, knit or crochet—Berniece Henderson, W. A. McCall.
S..iz I oz.oV y.CB oeeceVGOM
Tea Cosey, white, other hand work—L. Hartman, W. McCall.
Buffet Runner, washable—O. Henderson, Addie Clancy.
Bedroom Towels, embroidered —W. A. McCall, Addie Amey.
Pair Guest Towels, other thread trimming—Addie Clancy, W. J. Snider.
Pair Towels, trimmed other embroidery—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, W. J. Snider.
Pair Pillow Cases, embroidered —W. A. McCall., W. J. Snider.
Pair Pillow Cases, other hand trimming—D. L. Boyce, Robt. Nugent.
Day Pillow Slip, hand work—Addie Clancy, W. J. Snider.
Fancy Sheet—W. A. McCall, W. J. Snider.
Dresser and Stand Covers, washable, hand work—W. A .McCall, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Pin Cushion, washable, hand work—W. J. Snider, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Ladies 'Night Robe, embroidered—C. Amey, D. L. Boyce.
Lady's Night Robe, other hand work—W. J. Snider, O. Henderson.
Lady's hand made Camisole—O. Henderson, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Lady's fancy Underwear—W. J. Snider, H. E. Sutton.
Lady's fancy Handkerchiefs, hand trimming—Berniece Henderson, Olive Henderson.
Lady's Afternoon Blouse, hand trimming—H. E. Sutton, W. A. McCall.
Lady's Boudior Slippers—H. E. Sutton, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Child's Short Dress, embroidered—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, W. A. McCall.
Child's Wool Jacket, knit or crochet—W. A. McCall, H. E. Sutton.
Library Table Runner, embroidered—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, Stanley Snider.
Sofa Pillow, embroidered, colors—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, O. Henderson.
Sofa Pillow, other hand work—W. J. Snider, W. A. McCall.
Single piece fancy knitting, in cotton—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, H. E. Sutton.
Single piece Crochet, in cotton —M. L. Fraser, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Single piece Embroidery, not listed—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, L. Hartman.
Single piece other fancy Needlework, not listed—D. L. Boyce, Mrs. W. N. Osborne.
Collection of Fancy Towels—W. A. McCall, Mrs. W. N .Osborne
Single piece Fancy Knitting, in wool—L. Hartman, W. J. Snider.
Single piece Fancy Crochet, in wool—W. A. McCall, L. Hartman.

ART WORK

Oil Painting, copy—Berniece Henderson, L. Hartman.
Oil Painting, original —Berniece Henderson, W. A. McCall.
Water Color Painting, copy—W. A. McCall, L. Hartman.
Water Color Painting, original —W. A. McCall, F. S. McPherson.
Pencil Sketches, from nature —F. S. McPherson, L. Hartman.
Specimen Basketry—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, W. A. McCall.
Specimen Brasscraft—M. L. Fraser, Lewis Hartman.
Hand Painted China, conventional design—Mrs. W. N. Osborne, Berniece Henderson.
Hand Painted China, Realistic design—Berniece Henderson, M. L. Fraser.
Amateur Kodak Views—Hervey Lucas, W. A. McCall.

FLORAL EXHIBITS

Asters—H. G. Smith, C. Amey.
Sweet Peas—W. J. Snider, W. H. Turnham.
Dahlias—F. Smith, C. Amey, Gladioli—A. B .Hegadorn, Byron Jackson.
Collection Annuals — H. G. Smith, H. E. Sutton.
Collection Perennials—Oliver Henderson, A. B .Hegadorn.
Table Bouquet—F. Smith, O. Hederson.
House Plant, in bloom—H. E. Sutton, A. B .Hegadorn.

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W. J. VanDusen, Napanee, for the best Team of Horses on the ground—Fred Clancy.
C. A. Wiseman, Garage, Napanee, for the best Single Lady Driver of a Single Outfit—Rutledge Bros., Calvin Emmons.
F. W. Cunningham, Odessa, for the Fastest Horse driven on a buggy—Walter Agerman.
The Royal Bank of Canada, for the best Road Horse—E. A. Kaylor.
H. J. McNeely, Auto Service, Odessa, for the fastest team driven by a lady—A. B. Hegadorn, W. Robertson.
J. L. Boyes & Son, Merchants, Napanee, for the best Single Turnout once around the track—W. C. Loyst.
Card's Garage, Napanee, for the best Single General Purpose Horse in harness—John Hagerman.
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Stevenson & Hunter, Hardware, Kingston, for best pair Geese—E. S. Parrott.
Simmons Bros., Hardware, Kingston, for best pair Pekin Ducks—E. S. Parrott.
Wallace's Drug Store, Napanee for best Dressed Fowl—Addie Clancy.
Bob. Emmons, Odessa, for best pair Dressed Chickens—C. L. Hicks.
Weiss Bros., Napanee, for the best pair of Dressed Fowls—C. L. Hicks.
Dr. J. M. Munro, Odessa, for best pair Dressed Ducks—A. B. Hegadorn.
R. D. Emmons & Bro., Odessa, for best pair Dressed Fowls—Addie Clancy.
G. M. Burnett, Odessa, for best two Pullets and one Rooster, Rocks—H. E. Sutton.
W. P. Sharp, Odessa, for best pair Dressed Ducks—E. S. Parrott.
Graham Clothing Co., Napanee for best bushel Spring Wheat—Oliver Henderson.
Albert Smith, Napanee, for best bushel of Barley—E. S. Parrott.
S. J. Sproule, Odessa, for best five pounds of Butter—Geo. L. Bliss.
Boyle & Son, Hardware, Napanee, for best two pounds Butter —Byron Jackson.
F. L. Hooper, Napanee, for best five sections of Honey—Byron Jackson.
J. L. Swift, Merchant, Odessa, for best loaf of Homemade Bread made from Robinhood Flour—F. Smith.
Templeton & Son, Napanee, for best Sponge Cake—S. A. Denyes.
M. Taylor, Jeweller, Napanee, for best Lemon Pie—R. Nugent.
E. J. Poljard, Napanee, for best half dozen Buns—F. Smith.
A. S. Kimmerly, Napanee, for best dozen Buns, made from Five Roses Flour—D. B. Smith.
L. T. Best, Kingston, for best Apple Pie—A. W. Macdonald.
Campbell Bros., Kingston, for best half dozen home-made Fried Cake—Addie Clancy.
Haines' Shoe Store, Napanee, for best Loaf of Bread—H. E. Sutton.
Gibbard's Retail Store, Napanee, for best White Layer Cake —F. S. McPherson.
D. A. Shaw, Ltd., Dry Goods House, Kingston, for best variety or collection of Pickles—Addie Clancy, Oliver Henderson.

Reading Matter.

It is estimated that over 155,000 different books, pamphlets and magazines are published annually in the different countries of the world.

Obeys Natural Law.

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Sport Up-to-Date

From time to time you will notice photographs in the Press dealing with the sport of archery. But recently this ancient pastime has been brought well up-to-date.

For example, the other day Cambridge University sent seven archers down to Royston to play a freak golf match against the local club. The match took place on the Royston links, the golfers playing in the ordinary way. For the archers other arrangements had been made. On each green a ball of straw was placed, the exact size of the hole. Upon reaching the green an archer had to hit this ball with his arrow.

When an arrow fell in a bunker, the archer lost a stroke. This amusing match was won by the Cambridge archers. Their skipper went round the eighteen holes in 70, or two under bogey. At practice, however, he had actually been round in 67.

Another instance of archery up-to-date. A target was set up, and a number of polo-players then proceeded to carry out a mounted archery contest. Each man had to discharge an arrow at the target while his horse was passing the spot at full gallop.

Many people object to a course's match at cricket, because the hare so seldom escapes. But no one will be able to find fault with the new sport of greyhound racing in England. A dummy hare is driven round the course by electricity. The competing hounds follow this elusive "puss," but they cannot catch her, for her speed can be increased to sixty miles an hour.

Cycling was for many years entirely a dry-land sport. The up-to-date cyclist rides on water, too. The water-cycle has floats, and one enthusiast has invented a machine that will actually carry a passenger as well as the rider. This cycle is set upon a small raft, and a propeller in the stern is set revolving by means of the pedals. The inventor managed to cover ten miles on the water in ninety minutes with a passenger seated in the bow.

There are many amusing varieties of motor-cycle races on land. In one contest the competitors had to ride down the course at full speed until they came to where a row of buckets had been arranged.

Each bucket contained an apple, and each competitor had to dismount from his machine, keep hold of it with one hand, and dive for the apple. This had to be caught between the teeth without assistance from his free hand. Then he had to remount and ride back to the starting point, which had now become the winning post.

A curious contest, requiring the exercise of considerable skill, is the bunch-carrying race that figures at fruiterers' sports in the Old Country. The bushel is that round basket, numbers of which are seen in any greengrocer's shop. For the race in question each competitor has to carry ten of these baskets, placed on top of each other, balanced on his head.

For an exciting and up-to-date sport, hockey on motor-bicycles can be recommended—at any rate, to the spectators. Needless to say, the attempt to turn sharply in pursuit of the ball very often ends in a spill. Collisions also occur, so youth and plenty of enthusiasm are necessary if the players are to enjoy themselves.

A novel sport, so far as the south of England is concerned, sprang up last football season, when the leading London clubs played a seven-a-side Rugby football tournament at Twickenham.

When you remember that there are fifteen men in a normal Rugger team you will realize how fast and exciting the game must be, played by less than half the number. The matches consisted of seven minutes each way, with a minute's interval at half-time, until the final, when ten minutes each way were played.

A Record Holder.

A small boy, born in a Turkish harem, is said to have 48 stepmothers living. Our office boy, however, is still undefeated in the matter of recently defunct grandmothers. — London Punch.

Would Change Things Sadly.

"It is healthier to be cremated," says an English physician. Maybe so, but forgive us if we know we should never be the same man again.

Woman's Suffrage.

The first state to grant full suffrage to women was Colorado, in 1893. However, the Wyoming territory, in 1869, had enfranchised women.

The Inevitable.

If there's any smart alecktitude in a young man it's likely to crop out when he meets you in a revolving door.—Kansas City Star.

AS MAIR SEES HIS CANADA.

Father of the Present School of Canadian Verse.

The grand old man of Canadian literature is, beyond a doubt, Dr. Charles Mair, who is living in retirement, in his eighty-eighth year, in Victoria, B.C., writes Frank Leigh. Not only is he the doyen of Canadian letters, but, in Miles Carman's phrase, "the father of the present school of Canadian verse."

His boyhood was spent in the Scottish settlement of Lanark, says the Toronto Globe, where his father was a pioneer in the timber trade of the Ottawa river. He said he owed his taste for good literature to his mother, who was well read, and who possessed a most discriminating and penetrating mind. Romantic days followed for the young man in riots among the lumberjacks of the day, and later during the first Riel Rebellion, when he narrowly escaped the fate which met Thomas Scott at Fort Garry. His life in the West thereafter became more and more interesting and exciting, having one benefit, at least, in giving him the best of "copy" suggestions for his later literary work, which also included a study of Tecumseh and the production of his poetic masterpiece, "On the Great Shawnee Chief."

In a letter recently received by the writer from the aged author, he said: "Your compliation of 'Facts About Canada' shows the fulfilment of many a prediction I made in the old days. I remember writing in 1869 to the Toronto Globe predicting thirty millions of people within a certain period. I am writing from the unsettled ocean of prairie in which I have roamed from year to year, but circumstances, political and otherwise, were against me. We founders of the Canada First party were mistakenly enthusiastic; however, I am more convinced of the future greatness of our country than I was in the days of my youth. We have the richest heritage upon earth, and are a great member of a great Empire."

A COCKNEY DELICACY.

For Over 250 Years Londoners Have Been Eating Dutch Eels.

Ten million eels are brought to the fish market at Billingsgate every year. Many of them are brought by Dutch "schoots," slim-masted barges, two or three of which are always to be seen moored, cheek by jowl, just below London Bridge in that busy stretch of the Thames, "The Pool."

Right back from the days of the Great Plague, these Dutch barges have been carrying their cargoes of eels to London. Those were times when food was scarce in London and few ships dare sail near the plague-ridden river. Astute and fearless, the Dutchmen came. Their good work got to the ears of the King, Charles II., and he gave them permission to moor their "schoots" below London Bridge in perpetuity.

But if the Dutchmen ever fail to keep at least two boats on the spot, they lose their ancient privilege.

So for over 250 years Londoners have been eating Dutch eels. There is nearly always a steady demand for Dutch eels in London, especially in certain districts, like Islington, Stepney, and Battersea.

The Dutch barges are getting old. Not a few are nearing their century. But they are sturdy craft, solid oak right through, carrying on an average a cargo of ten tons of eels each.

Dutch eel carrying is largely a family business. Not only are the skippers in charge of the boats their grandfathers and great-grandfathers owned, but their crews are their own blood relations. One family of Dutchmen has been plying eels to the Thames since the year 1676.

Some Very Old Trees

Yew trees grow to a great age. Those at Torentain's abbey, Yorkshire, England, were old in 1132. California has trees thousands of years old in the Mariposa grove, and baobab trees in Africa are over four centuries old.

Rulers' Postage Privileges.

The king of England pays no postage, which is perhaps just as well, since he yearly receives about a quarter of a million business letters. The heads of all kingdoms and republics enjoy similar privileges.

Large Argentine Province.

The province of Entre Rios, Argentina, has an area of 29,241 square miles, or a little greater than the combined area of the three states of Massachusetts, New Jersey and Maryland.

Literature Immortal.

Books are the metempsychosis, the symbol and presage of immortality. The dead are scattered, and none shall find them; but behold they are here. —H. W. Beecher.

Alas, 'Tis So.

Jud Tunkins says the man who is always most willin' to speak right out in meeting is seldom the one who has anything interesting to say.

Yes, Indeed.

It is too bad that our ancestors did not live long enough to realize how smart we are.—Detroit Journal

Yea, Verily.

There is much conflict between the law and the profits.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Australian Railroads Mighty.

Drought in Australia, as famine in India, is no longer the dread enemy that it was. Railways have multiplied, making the movement of stock to stricken areas comparatively easy, though expensive. All the states keep accurate records of each day's rainfall and this information is posted daily for all to see and is easily available to the owners of the remotest stations. So a man threatened by loss of stock through drought may keep his finger on the rainfall of the whole continent and know where he may send his stock if he gets no rain himself.

Care of Palms.

Palms are hardy things which may be grown in rooms for years with good results. Keep them near the window so that they may get plenty of light. The best soil for them consists of three parts of fibrous loam, one part each of leaf mold and decayed loam, and a tenth of coarse sand. The ordinary watering rules don't apply to them; they should only be watered when the pot rings hollow under the hand, and at no other time. During mild showers, stand them out in the rain for an hour or two, as this cleans and freshens them and opens the pores of the leaves.

To Quench Thirst.

An invalid whose mouth becomes dry and parched during the night, or a fever patient, will find that an orange, each one having been placed within easy reach of the bed so that a piece may be held in the mouth from time to time, will be more beneficial than water, says Good Housekeeping. It has the added advantage that a patient can manage the pieces of orange more easily than he could a glass of water.

Cats and Diphtheria.

Cats don't carry diphtheria, declares Doctor Savage, medical officer of health for Somerset county, England. In an address to the Royal Sanitary Institute Doctor Savage stated that, even when cats were closely associated with diphtheria patients, the true diphtheria bacillus could not be found in their throats. He had tried to infect cats with human diphtheria, but had failed.

Owe Much to Latin Tongue.

The fact is our language has been enormously enriched by the contributions made to it by the Latin tongue. Among other things it has given us a power of drawing distinctions and of being precise and exact in expressing our thoughts which few other languages possess.—J. M. D. Meiklejohn in "The Art of Writing English."

Country Adapted to Wild Animals.

There are large areas in Siberia admirably fitted for the development of fur-bearing animals. Immeasurable forests, inaccessible mountains, and sparse population provide the animals with the best conditions for propagation. The most favorable locality, a kind of natural zoological park, is the Priamur region.

High Cost of Flirting.

Mrs. Exe—"Your new hat is lovely, my dear. But $75. I thought you said you were going to get a much cheaper one." Mrs. Wye—"Well, I was, but my husband was with me and when I saw him flirting with one of the salesgirls I took this $75 hat just for revenge."—Boston Transcript.

Forgot His Wedding Day.

A husband was denied a divorce because he couldn't remember the date of his wedding. The judge probably thought that the man who could go and forget that wasn't suffering much from matrimony. — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Foxy Papa.

"What did the bride's father do for the happy couple?" "He bought their railroad tickets." "Ah!" "But the happy pair didn't discover until after they got on the train that their tickets read only one way."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Wealth Not Life's Real Prize.

Wealth is not the real prize of life; it is only a trophy, a symbol and may carry with it no satisfaction; indeed, it does not come with it generally. Lasting satisfaction unless won and employed fairly, honestly, honorably.

Ozark's Truthful James.

There may be some new-fangled method of achieving success that looks good for a time, but we don't believe any man his ever improved on the old formula of hard work and honesty. —Searcy Citizen.

Cricket Coincidence.

During a match in the Old Country between Somerset and Lancashire at Taunton, G. F. Earle (Somerset) drove a ball for six through a glass pane in the scoring-box window. Later, Tyldesley (Lancashire), in hitting a six, drove the ball through the hole in the window.

Secrets of the Sahara

Count Byron Khun de Prorok, head of the Franco-American expedition to the mysterious country of the Touaregs, in the heart of the Sahara desert, has recently returned from Africa well satisfied with his initial work.

Writing of his most recent discoveries and wonderful finds, the Count says:

Of course, we cannot yet say that humanity first saw the light in Africa rather than in Asia. Before any definite decision on that score can be made, long and careful researches by many specialists in many parts of the world must be carried out and the results compared. But we are now certain, largely because of evidence unearthed by the Franco-American expedition to the Hoggar, that men of the white race were living in the interior of Africa more than three thousand years ago, and that they were the ancestors of the Touaregs, who live in the Hoggar to this day.

We know also that the Phoenicians, the Carthaginians and later the Romans had extensive trade relations with these white Africans, and we have been able to follow their caravan routes far into the interior.

The relics left by these ancient peoples are destined to be, we believe, of priceless value in future studies of the history of civilization. The Sahara region, until comparatively recent years, has been almost wholly neglected by archaeologists. When our expedition first revealed its plans for a journey of discovery into the desert we were laughed at. What could we expect to find but sand, savage mountains and still more savage tribes? But we now have the felicity of sending our project taken more seriously.

From a single tomb in the Hoggar Mountains we have already taken evidences that confirm in a remarkable manner the classical accounts of the Sahara peoples, and enable us to check up what we already knew or suspected of the brisk trade once carried on with the nations of the Mediterranean seaboard.

This is the tomb of Tin Hinan, which, legend says, was the burial place of the ancestress and principal goddess of the Touaregs. This tomb is the more precious because the Touaregs of recent times not only do not build monuments to the dead, but even consider it bad luck to speak of them.

Their known ancestry runs back into the mists of antiquity, yet paradoxically it may almost be said that they are a people without a history.

They live for the present, as their fathers lived before them.

But Tin Hinan, the supposed mother of the Touareg race, is an exception. Throughout Northern and Saharan Africa we find the curious legend of the mother goddess, pointing, perhaps, to what may have been at one time a largely feminine culture. There the legends stop.

The Touaregs have no tradition of great ancestors or conquests, ends as are common among many races.

The best conjecture one can make as to their origin is perhaps in the Atlas Mountains. Certainly, in the days when the Saharan region was damper and more fertile than it is at present, they were of far more widely than they do now.

They have the appearance of being an indigenous race who have been pushed back little by little by foreign intruders. The mountains of the Hoggar were their final refuge. There they remained unmolested, and, until the last few decades, almost unknown.

The old caravan routes were drifted over with sand. Explorers who ventured into the desert, even well armed, were driven back or killed. The destruction of Col. Flatters' expedition of ninety men in 1881 is an instance of the cunning and the cruelty of the Touaregs. Only recently can they be said to have been pacified and their country re-opened to the outside world.

The tomb of Tin Hinan, as far as our excavations have revealed it, cannot compare in splendor with that of Tut the Egyptian, yet it may possibly fill a wider place in history. And be of as much importance to the student of mankind.

We were well prepared for the richness of Tin Hinan's tomb at Abalessa, which was the second one we opened. One chamber alone, out of possibly eight or nine which exist there, was opened, yet the resulting revelations were as complete as they were astonishing.

In this room we discovered the last resting place of a woman of great importance, even if she was not Tin Hinan herself. Whatever her rank or history she had been honored to the utmost in her death. Her jewelry indicates her estate.

In the antechamber of her tomb lay her clothing neatly piled and ready for her use beyond the shadows. Here were garments of leather, painted red and yellow, as well as clothing of cotton and other fabrics, in various colors, ornamented by intricate fringes.

No weapons were found, but food for her journey was beside her—dates dried to the thinness of skin on the stone, and a store of what looked to have been grapes, together with jars of grain.

FRENCH PEASANT WOMEN.

Take Their Share of Outdoor Work With the Men.

French peasant women do not believe in the idea that woman's sphere is the home and in this they are certainly justified by results. In the fields they spend long hours hoeing, the young girls joining in the work after school hours, remaining till too dark to see any longer. They dig, shod in their clumsy sabots, driving in deeply the long-handled, broad-bladed, heavy spades.

The old women too feeble for this heavy labor weed the long lines of small crops. On hands and knees in the dusty earth, their necks protected from the hot sun by handkerchiefs tucked under their hats, they slowly crawl up and down the big fields, laboriously picking out every weed from the long rows of beet, carrot or turnip.

Alas! for the chivalry of man! It is not an uncommon sight to see a man guiding the plough, while by his woman harnessed side by side with a donkey or steady old horse. She, bent forward, pulling hard, the man walking behind pipe in mouth. I believe guiding a plough is hard work and requires much skill that is not possible to a woman, so reserved for himself the harder task. Let us hope so anyway.

More often than not at the noon time rest it is the men who sit under the hedge eating their lunch washed down by clear spring water, and the women who continue to work eating as they go.

They do not confine their activites to the fields only. During the winter gales great masses of seaweed are thrown up on the beaches along the Brittany coast, and this is collected to be put on the fields in the spring. The women help in this harvesting and heavy work it is. On the December days they stand waist deep in the sea, the waves breaking against their backs as they stand facing shorewards raking in the floating weed.

They ought to be frozen, but they laugh and shout to the men by the carts apparently quite unconscious of the cold water and bitter wind.

The sea weed is piled high in dripping masses on long carts which are dragged across the immense stretches of sand by three or four horses. Often the wheels sink into the soft sand so deeply that the poor beasts can hardly move the heavy carts at all. Sometimes the men put their shoulders to the wheels, but more often the only help the horses get is with the whip—a terrible weapon, the lash many feet in length with a crack like a rifle shot.

The Breton peasant woman is of a coarse type, thick and solid in figure, with an extraordinary capacity for hard labor.

Their lives are none too soft, the conditions under which they live almost that of the middle ages.

In squalid hovels, often with earthen floors, in open hearth in one corner at which the aged crones too old for further work out of doors, cook the soup in heavy iron pots which are the pride of.

Their food is of the roughest kind —large flat round loaves of coarse brown bread, and soup made to our taste, soup made from the inevitable cabbage and perhaps a bit of "soup meat" which is afterwards eaten, and cider, as water is never drunk alone in France.

The Breton method of making cider is simple.

The apples, after being gathered, are left on the ground in great heaps, quite unprotected, often in a dirty farmyard, until they are considered rotten enough to be ready for use.

They are then roughly cut up and placed between layers of straw in the press, the juice running out into big barrels, to which is added a certain proportion of water.

This is the cause of the many headaches and stomach troubles that a good deal besides apples goes to the making of this cider, but over that it is better to draw a veil. The result is pleasant, at any rate, is not squeamish.

To return to the women. They are like all French women, immensely thrifty, and manage to save quite a lot of money—a jealously hidden hoard which perhaps is to help a son to become a priest, the great ambition of the French peasant, or towards a daughter's "dot," without which no girl has any chance of marriage.

Early Fireworks.

In Rome, at the creation of the popes, illuminated "hand grenades" were thrown from the tops of castles, and about the commencement of the Fourteenth century fireworks had become an art in which inventors displayed great ability in combining the powers of architecture, sculpture and painting.

Made Levy of Goose Feathers.

Six feathers from the wings of every goose in their counties, was the war levy King Henry V made upon the lord lieutenants of England counties when about to make war upon France in 1417. The feathers were needed for the arrows of the archers, the infantrymen of the day.

America's First Street Railroad.

November 26, 1832, the first street railway in America began operation. It was the New York & Harlem road. The line's only car was drawn by one horse and ran from the city hall to Fourteenth street, a distance of a mile and three-quarters.

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100 per cent pure wool. Shirts are double breasted. Sizes Sizes 34 to 44. Regular value, $1.75, on sale this week, per garment..... $1.19

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In Khaki and Grey Domett. A good roomy shirt, all double stitched seams, sizes 14½ to 17½, each..... $1.00

Men's Military Flannel Shirts

In Khaki and Grey only. Extra large body and well made. Regular value $2.50, this week, each..... $1.95

Men's Sweater Coats

In Brown band and Grey, with roll collar, 100 per cent. pure wool. One of our best values, each..... $3.95

Men's Merino Combinations

In natural shade, the Zimmerknit quality, sizes 34 to 44, specially priced per suit..... $1.95

Men's Fleece Lined Combinations

Extra good quality, in natural mixed shades. Sizes 34 to 44. Priced per suit..... $1.50

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FRIDJOF NANSEN.

First Man to Have Picture on an International Stamp.

To Dr. Fridjof Nansen, Norwegian explorer and hero of innumerable Arctic adventures and subsequently one of the world's greatest humanitarians, has gone the honor of having his face on the first "international stamp," which has just been issued by the League of Nations, International Labor Office and High Commissioner for Refugees.

A has-relief of the celebrated explorer, who was responsible for the repatriation of a half million German and Austrian war prisoners buried in Siberia, and who subsequently engineered the exchange of populations between Turkey and Greece, thereby saving additional thousands of Christian lives, adorns the five gold-franc stamp which will be placed on the Nansen passports, to be given to around 1,000,000 refugees now drifting about Europe.

Nansen is one of Europe's most picturesque characters, and is a well-known figure around international circles in Geneva, where he is an ardent supporter of the league. In fact, he has been one of the pillars of the organization since its founding, ranking with Woodrow Wilson, Leon Bourgeois, Hjalmar Branting and Gen. Jan Smuts.

Tall, weather-beaten Viking that he is, Nansen resembles nothing so much as a lumbering polar bear, among which he spent so many years of his early life while seeking the North Pole. His hair is snowy white and grizzled, with head partially bald, disclosing a massive dome. Beneath shaggy brows his eyes are piercing like an eagle's and his chin and jaws are like those of a prizefighter. But despite his rugged and even bellicose appearance he is as gentle as a woman, and has a heart big enough to hold the entire world —at least big enough to have held him to his task of salvaging more human derelicts than any other five men in history.

Getting the half million German and Austrian prisoners out of Russia was no small task, especially in the days when the Bolsheviks looked upon all Europeans and Americans as blood enemies. But Nansen went unmolested into Moscow, talked face to face with Lenin and Trotzky and won them over so far as the humanitarian objectives of the league were concerned. He not only brought the exenemies, of the Russians out of the trackless Siberian wastes, but he turned around and extended aid and comfort to a million arch-enemies of the Bolsheviks who were marooned in Europe without incurring the enmity of the rulers in the Kremlin.

To Nansen there is no such thing as a "Red" and "White," an "enemy," or a "friend." Anyone in need is a human being, be he monarchist or communist, Moslem or Christian, Armenian or Turk.

Truly there are more than a million derelicts wandering around Europe; Russians who cannot or will not claim Russia as their country; Armenians who cannot return to the Caucasus; Greeks marooned in Asia Minor and Bulgaria and Syrians driven from Damascus and Palestine. Unable to become citizens of the country in which they are located, they cannot move across a border in search of work because of lack of identification. Consequently the Refugee Commission originated the "Nansen passport," which is now recognized by nearly forty countries. The Nansen stamp is the latest refinement made on those world passports. Identification cards and the money raised therefrom will go into a revolving fund to be used in securing the refugees' emigration to take care of themselves, or in transporting colonies to Canada, the Argentine or more favorable parts of Europe. Stamps are to be given to the "passport" yearly, thereby bringing in a revolving fund of around $1,000,000.

Zinc Ships?

Experiments conducted in an American laboratory have shown that ships built with zinc bottoms never get fouled with barnacles, says a writer in Science.

Metal plates were suspended in a wooden frame in the sea water of a pond with strong tidal circulation, and after six weeks' submergence marine life was established on some of them half an inch thick.

Aluminium, iron, tin, and lead, it was found, supported luxurious growth, but the surfaces of the copper and zinc plates were practically free.

The chemical explanation lies in the fact that the ions and soluble compounds of the heavy metals are extremely poisonous. Where they are liberated from a metallic surface, such a surface is protected from organic growth. This is the case with zinc and copper, but the products of marine corrosion with the four other metals are insoluble, consequently barnacles and their allies grow over them unchecked.

Reindeer Romps at Zoo.

A new thrill is being offered to child visitors at the London Zoo. This is a ride in a real reindeer sledge. Two of the reindeer trained for this purpose come from Finland. They make an ideal team. Another reindeer from Lapland, however, is big and strong enough to draw a sledge on his own. So the children can choose between a sledge and pair and a sledge and one. The sledges are fitted with wheels. A month or two has been spent in training the reindeer for their new task, which they appear to enjoy as much as the children. The latter are certainly delighted with the new idea. "Better than riding on an elephant," is the general verdict.

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I GI' HER 'TH RING LAST NICHT!
HUH? YOU GAVE HER AN' ENGAGEMENT RING?
POR A SCOTCHMAN YOU'RE TAKIN' AN AWFUL CHANCE! THESE AMERICAN GIRLS OFTEN CHANGE THEIR MINDS ABOUT GETTIN' MARRIED AFTER THEY GET 'TH' ENGAGEMENT RING AND — THEY SELDOM GIVE TH' RING BACK!
SO I HA HEARD!
WELL PROTECTED
BUT I HA' PROTECTED MA SEL' AGAINST THAT! I HA' TOLD HER THAT, IN SCOTLAND, IT WAS TH' CUSTOOM FIR 'TH' LASSIE T' POST A FORFEIT O' A HUNDRED DOLLAR WI' TH' GROOM-T'-BE, AGAINST HIS CHANGIN' O' HER MIND!
AN OOT O' TH' POOREST SHE HA' DEPOSITED I HA' PAID FIR TH' RING WI' A WEE BIT TA SPARE

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Public worship at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., will be conducted by Rev. Jas. Balstone, Selby.

11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.

Monday, 8 p.m.—Young People's League.

Wednesday, 8 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Cheese Board.

415 white and 1119 colored cheese were boarded on Saturday. All were sold at 16 3-16c.

Fishermen's Supplies.

Whitefish nets, herring nets, trout nets, cotton line and Leader net. Whitefish nets of very strong thread and over size mesh now in stock.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Married at Enterprise.

A quiet wedding took place at the United Church parsonage, at Enterprise on October 6th, when Miss Lena Pearl Vannest and Silas J. Knowlton were united in marriage by Rev. H. A. Bland. The bride wore a becoming gown of cocoa brown flat crepe and had coat and hat to match. After the ceremony the bridal couple left by motor for Kingston and Brockville, after which they will take up residence in Wallbridge, N.Y. The good wishes of the community go with them.!

The Late Wm. L. VanDeBogart.

Death took place in Richmond on Tuesday, Sept. 14th, of Wm. L. VanDeBogart, eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Francis VanDeBogart, at Richmond, Ivanhoe County. Deceased had been in failing health for the past year and a half and the greater part of that time had been a great sufferer. He leaves to mourn his widow, formerly Miss Ada Miller, also four brothers and four sisters. The brother's are Harry and Frank of Richmond, Ledru, of Oregon and Maurice, of British Columbia. The sisters are, Mrs. Carlton Woods, of Roblin, Mrs. Pauline Burley, of Seattle, Mrs. Thomas Woods, of Perkins, and Mrs. William Crossley, of Lakefield, Florida. The funeral, which was largely attended, was held at his late residence, conducted by his pastor, Rev. A. J. Wilson, interment in Riverside cemetery.

The Bishop at Adolphustown.

Bishop Seager was at St. Alban's, Adolphustown, on Sunday, to confirm a class of twenty. He dedicated a memorial window subject: "Saul, Paul," for Mr. and Mrs. Claringbold, erected in St. Paul's church, Sandhurst, by members of family, and in St. Alban's Church, the window which was placed in the chancel in memory of Canon Forneri, presented by Mrs. Treiber and parishioners. This window is an exquisitely designed figure of "Saint Alban," executed in English antique glass. The colorings are particularly rich and harmoniously blended and the window further enhances the rare beauty the church possesses in so marked a degree. The bishop also dedicated a copy of the Holy Bible of Communion given for the prayer desk by Mrs. Pringle, and an Altar Service Book given by the Guild and Woman's Auxiliary in memory of the rector's mother.

Eastern Star Officers.

At the institution of Napanee Chapter No. 151, Order of the Eastern Star, which was held on Sept. 28th, the following officers were duly installed by Worthy Grand Patron, Bro. John W. Stewart, of London:

Worthy Matron—Miss Edith Taverner.

Worthy Patron—Mr. B. M. Black.

Associate Matron—Mrs. W. R. Tanton.

Secretary — Miss Hilda Mc. Greer.

Treasurer—Mrs. H. L. Vanluven.

Conductress—Mrs. H. Thompson.

Associate Conductress—Mrs. R. S. Wales.

Marshall—Mrs. Fred Henderson.

Chaplain—Mrs. J. E. Robinson.

Organist—Mrs. B. M. Black.

Star Points—Mrs. Boyd Taverner, Mrs. Hurrell Huffman, Mrs. Frank Heffington, Mrs. Geo. T. Walters and Mrs. T. M. Asselstine.

Warder—Mrs. F. S. Scott.

Sentinel—Mr. W. A. Thompson.

The Late W. J. Normile.

W. J. Normile, one of Napanee's well-known business men, passed away on Tuesday last at his residence on Bridge street. Deceased had been in poor health for some time, but was around attending to business every day, until Saturday, when he was stricken with apoplexy. For a number of years Mr. Normile was an employee of the Webster & Boyes firm and when that firm went out of business he took over the building and became one of the largest bicycle dealers in Eastern Ontario. With the advent of the motor car Mr. Normile immediately began to cater to it and remained in the old stand until he sold out to Mr. Ross Paul a few years ago. Mr. Normile then erected a new garage on East street, south of his residence. In his earlier years deceased was an enthusiastic bicycle rider and interested in other sports, also in the old Napanee Dramatic Club, of which he was a prominent member. He also served in the Town Council for two years. Besides his widow he leaves three sons. The funeral took place on Thursday morning to St. Patrick's church, of which deceased was a member.

Summer Necessities.

Screen doors, window screens, lawn hose, coal oil stoves, electric irons.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merrism, Pastor.

Sand Hill Church: Public worship 10.30 a.m.

Hay Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Gretna Church: Sunday School 10.30 a.m.; Public Worship 7.30 p.m.

Subject—Report of United Church Convention held in Toronto on 5th, 6th and 7th.

ADOLPHUSTOWN UNITED CHURCH.

Rev. H. Stainton, Pastor.

11 a.m.—Adolphustown.

3 p.m.—Hayburn.

7.30 p.m.—Stella ville.

Hayburn Anniversary, Sept. 26th, Rev. G. McQuade, B.A., speaker.

Quarterly Board meeting at Conway Sept. 28th.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

10.30—Holy Communion.

11.00—Sunday School.

7.00—Evening prayer.

F. E. VANLUVEN

For good dry hardwood, out for your stove. Also hard and soft wood slabs. Prices right.

N. C. I. Girls' Basketball.

The first games of Basketball in the Bay of Quinte League will be played in the gymnasium of the N.C.I. on Saturday, October 16th, at 3 p.m., between Trenton and Napanee.

Collegiate Institute Sports.

The track events in connection with the annual Field Day of the N.C.I. will be held at the Driving Park on this Wednesday afternoon, commencing at 1 o'clock, if weather is favourable. Admission free.

Broke His Arm.

About five o'clock Monday afternoon, Master Bobbie Smith, son of Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Smith, Centre street, while playing with some boy playmates, had the misfortune to fall, breaking two bones in his left arm near the wrist.

Elected President.

At the annual convention of the Canadian Ticket Agents held at Niagara Falls last week, Mr. J. L. Boyes was elected president of the Association. Mr. Boyes has been connected with railway work for over forty years and his election was a reward for years of faithful effort on behalf of the Association.

Credit Sale.

The undersigned will offer for sale by Public Auction, on Lot 12, 5th concession, Richmond, two miles west of Selby, on Tuesday, October 26th, 1926, at 1 o'clock sharp, a large quantity of farm stock and implements. Usual terms.

FRED SEXSMITH, Owner.

H. W. GALLAGHER, Auctioneer.

PLOWING MATCH

On the Farm of W. H. Hunter, Napanee

Tuesday, October 19th 1926

W. A. of Lennox and Addington.

The meeting of the deanery of Lennox and Addington Woman's Auxiliary, was held in Sanders East on Tuesday of last week. The opening service was in the church and the rector, Rev. R. W. Spencer, was the preacher. After the service a luncheon was held by the members of the W.A., who had for their guests, Mrs. Haverner, Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Taverner, the diocesan president of the Woman's Auxiliary. Mrs. H. P. Lowe, the secretary for literature, and Miss Edith Van Straubenzee, girls' and candidates' secretary, all of Kingston. There was a splendid attendance and the service when the church was filled to its utmost capacity, and at the meeting in the afternoon addresses were given by officers of the diocesan board.

"Tell It to the Marines."

Tell it to the marines is an expression frequently heard in England although it is not so common in Canada. The marines were soldiers placed on battleships in the old days when boarding and hand-to-hand fighting were common. As these men did not know anything about seamanship it was a common practice to tell them the most outrageous sea-stories, all of which they would believe. Consequently whenever any one told a particularly tall story he was adjured to tell it to the marines.

Mont Blanc.

Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in the Alps, is generally spoken of as the highest mountain in Europe, although Elbrus, in the mountains of the Caucasus, is 3,000 feet higher. Mont Blanc is situated in the French department of Haute Savole, on the Italian border, and about 38 miles south of the lake of Geneva. It has an elevation above the sea of 15,781 feet. The mountain is generally ascended from the village of Chamonni. The summit was first reached by Balmat, a guide, in 1786.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.00 a.m.—Class meeting.

10.30 a.m.—Public worship.

11.35 a.m.—Church School and Bible Classes.

6.30—Organ recital.

7.00—Evening worship.

The pastor will preach at both services.

Monday, 7.30—Y. P. S.

Wednesday, 7.30—"An Hour of Bible Study."

A MUCH-ADJUSED PET.

Not One Per Cent. of Goldfish Find a Worthy Home.

Anyone keeping goldfish in a bowl and feeding them on "ants' eggs" will feel ashamed after reading "Goldfish Culture for Amateurs," by A. E. Hodgson, of Durham.

Of the thousands of goldfish imported annually the authors say that probably not one per cent. finds a worthy home. Overfeeding, especially on unsuitable food, often actually starved, chilled by frequent changes of water or succumbs in shadeless globes standing in the sun, die within a short time of purchase. Yet goldfish will live for years in an aquarium with a little more attention than provision of their rations.

Goldfish still abound in the wild state in China. Although they were only introduced into Europe during the seventeenth century, the yellow race have "cultured" them for hundreds of years.

Fifty years ago warm-water fish were commonly reared in ponds heated by the discharge of water from mills and factories. To-day purchasers may rely upon obtaining hardy specimens suited to live in an unheated aquarium. Although they were once successful at all fancy goldfish, and least expensive, is the Fantail. Purchasers should be careful to see that the twin tails are entirely separated. Comets surpass all other fancy forms in swimming powers and are so hardy that they will winter outdoors in ponds like England's.

The more the eyes stand out from the head the greater is the Telescope variety prized. The Celestial Telescope, from Richmond, is apt to go through life looking out of the top of its head. This strange development may also be caused by Chinese housekeeping specimens in vessels lighted only by a small hole in the top, thus forcing the fish to look upwards. Other favorite varieties are the Nymph, Lionhead, Oranda, and Pringtail.

A proper aquarium is essential. An all-glass tank, as used by electricians, answers well, and should be supported on a wooden stand and covered from dust. Paper from Richmond, not dust—and cats. Well-washed "sharp" sand should be strewn on the bottom of the tank, and rock-work and some of the special plants sold by dealers inserted.

The tank is filled to a depth rather less than its width, but row the water will not do. It should be prepared by standing in the open air, preferably in small tubs, for a week. Floating plants, such as duckweed, can be added. About a gallon of water is required for every inch of fish, exclusive of tail. Change by emptying their first year goldfish need more commodious quarters.

Barring accidents, the water of an aquarium should never be changed. It remains wholesome owing to the natural exchange of gases between fish and plants. Experienced breeders never allow the temperature of the water to fall below 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

Though dried food is a good standby, fish fed solely on it are inferior, and the authors describe ways of breeding "white-worms," water-flea, and other tit-bits prized by goldfish. The food value of "ants' eggs" is doubtful. Fish should always be fed by daylight, daily in summer, every other day in autumn and spring, whilst in very cold weather only twice a week.

Fixing Values.

An American woman, visiting Turkey with her husband officers, engaged an old Turk in conversation. It developed that the Turk was a broker in wives, and the woman, thinking to have some fun with him, asked, "At what value would you place my oldest daughter, supposing I had one for sale?" The Turk mentioned a sum that was flatteringly high. "And my second daughter?" the mother next inquired. A lower price was named. "And my baby girl, of course, being the standard." The highest price of all was set for the youngest daughter at a little flapper. "And now," said the mother, "what price for me?" The Turk was no diplomat. He promptly mentioned a price that was equivalent to a dollar and a half in our money. The mother was furious. Never, she said, had she been so insulted. After berating the Turk, she walked haughtily away, leaving the marriage broker speechless, and probably wondering what on earth he had done to annoy her.

Titled Woman Mechanic.

How many of the growing number of women motorists not only drive and repair their own cars but make their own spare parts as well? Not many; and not many men either.

One woman who does is Lady Eustace Percy, wife of the present British Minister of Education, who has a real workshop in her country house, where she makes use of the tips she learned while a munition-maker during the war.

Cold by C.O.D.

A new method of producing cold is described in a chemical journal. Carbon dioxide snow is compressed into blocks, and can be sent by post or carrier in the form of cubes, packed in special boxes made of a very light fibrous wood. These cubes produce intense cold, and can be used for refrigerating purpose for about a week.

VANLUVEN

Farmers, listen! We have good steam coal for threshing and silo filling.

VANLUVEN

Blacksmith's, listen! We have good smithing coal. Prices right.

Banking Service and Prosperity

PROSPERITY on the farm is largely dependent on factors beyond the realm of the farmers' control. There must be a good market demand for farm products and the production costs must be kept in proper relation with market returns. Our Branch Manager is thoroughly familiar with the business of farming and is ready to assist in carrying your farm program to a successful conclusion.

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

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NAPANEE BRANCH—H. R. McHoull, *Manager*

Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

"Daddy Long Legs," Wednesday and Thursday, October 27th and 28th. 40-a

THE COCOANUT IN CEYLON.

Association of Sculptured Rock With Cocoanut Palm Is Undisputed.

Who introduced the cocoanut—"the Consols of the East"—to Ceylon? (asks a writer). Considering the manifold use of this extremely valuable palm, its present commercial importance and the part played by it in the daily life of the Singalese, the question is not without interest. The ancient historical chronicles of the island, like the Mahawansa, are, however, silent on the subject.

At Wellgama, in the Southern Province of the island, on the high road 89 miles from Colombo, is a massive granite boulder (known as Kusta Gala or "the Rock of King Kusta") on which is sculptured in high relief a kingly figure of singular dignity with a curious filigree-like headdress. Tradition says that the figure represents the Indian Prince, who, in the dim past, first brought the cocoanut palm to Lanka, and a grateful people thus perpetuates the memory of the beneficent prince. The rock is one of the principal sights of the ancient seaport town of Weligama—perhaps the prettiest spot on Ceylon's southern coast—and known to most as the place where the late Prof. Ernst Haeckel established his headquarters for his researches in marine biology during his visit to the island in the early nineties.

According to another legendary version, a prince named Indra who was suffering from a loathsome skin disease (kusta roge), having obtained a marvellous cure by the application of cocoanut oil, carved the rock to celebrate the remedy. The first is the more popular belief. But the association of the mysterious figure with the cocoanut palm is undisputed.

Homes of the Future.

Nowadays, we are very proud of our up-to-date houses, but experts are looking forward to still more wonderful homes in the future.

A few years from now, scientists say, all our houses will have steel frames, and all the internal walls, furniture and joinery will be made of resinoid, the substance which is now used for door-knobs, beads, etc. All other surfaces will be of rubber, leather, or cellulose.

One great feature of these "desirable residences" will be that, all wall coverings being of celluloid lacquer, redecorations will be entirely unnecessary, the application of warm water effecting all the renovation required. Flat roofs with sun gardens, and an abundance of glass everywhere will also be deemed essential.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.

Napanee's Leading Theatre

The Home of Good Photo Plays.

MOSCOW.

The School Fair at Centreville was well attended by a number of Moscow residents. "The children of the school were successful in winning many prizes. Several schools took part in the parade, but Moscow was fortunate enough to win second prize.

Mrs. Wilfred Potter has returned to Colborne after spending a short time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Darling. The latter have also been visited by their daughter, Mrs. T. Armstrong, Vars.

Mrs. R. Asselstine is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. Hooper, Detroit.

G. Clark and family have moved into H. Reid's house.

A number from Moscow attended the anniversary services in Sydenham on Sunday.

London Zoo's Menu.

Last year's bill of fare at the London Zoo makes interesting reading.

The lions, tigers, and some of the other large beasts consumed roughly 450 horses and 135 goats. Other animals appeased their appetites with 860 quarters of oats, 167 tons of hay, and 15 cwt. of rice, while animals with a taste for sweetstuff devoured 774 lbs. of treacle and 53 lbs. of honey.

The score run up by the penguin family was 42 tons of herrings and whiting, 1,825 pints of shrimps, and a ton of fish paste. Their finalist brethren in the aviaries devoured 19 quarters of hemp seed.

Fresh milk is now practically unknown at the Zoo, but some 15,000 tins of condensed milk were used during the year.

A Little Strong.

Patricia had just arrived from Ireland and hired herself out as a help in the family of a doctor. That evening the mistress told her that she was going out and to be sure that the children ate their bed promptly at nine. When the mistress returned she asked Patricia how she had gotten along with the children.

"Foine," she replied, "but Oi had a time with that oldest boy—the red-headed one, he—"

"The red-headed one," shrieked the woman, "why, that was my husband."

Underground Wireless.

A six-valve neutrodyne receiver was recently set up in the "Bridal Chamber" in the Cave of the Winds at Mantou, Colorado, 2,000 feet below ground, among stalactites said to be more than 3,000 years old. The experimenters report that it was easy to bring in stations at distances up to 1,000 miles, with very little interference.

Paints.

Martin - Senour 100% pure paints, white lead, oils and glass, always in stock.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

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Has for 58 years maintained the highest standards in thorough business training. Students come here from Newfoundland, Bermuda, British West Indies, South America, the United States and all parts of Canada.

Write for the College catalogue.

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L. L. MOORE, Principal.

Does YOUR Church Need Decorating?

Some person has said "Cleanliness Comes Next to Godliness."

You start the ball rolling—suggest something being done—get a committee together. Name the day and hour for meeting at your church.

'Phone or write C. B. Scantlebury, Church Decorator, Belleville, to meet your committee. He will be there—offer suggestions—give you sketches; all without cost to you.

Just command this superior Church Decorating Service by writing

C. B. SCANTLEBURY, Belleville.

Exclusive Church Decorator.

A few recently decorated churches by this firm are: Switzerville United, Strathcona United, Wooler United, Presbyterian at Stirling.

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ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS

FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT

WHITE HEARSE AND GOOD SHOES

WHERE ROB ROY ROAMED

Old Country Writer Describes Rustic Charm of the Trossachs.

"See Naples and die" might be changed into "See the Trossachs and live," for the air is pure, the scenery magnificent, and the hotels, if one can afford to patronize them, excellent. This is Rob Roy's country.

When he was a young lawyer, Scott was sent to the shores of Loch Katrine, from Edinburgh, to serve a writ on one of the famous outlaw's descendants. To that visit we owe the famous novel, as well as the poem "The Lady of the Lake," and certain scenes in "Waverley"—certainly a good result from a writ-serving expedition.

But Scotland owes much more. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the northern kingdom owes its fame as a tourist's paradise more to Scott's description of the Trossachs, and Loch Katrine, and Heleh's Isle than to anything else.

Balloch, at the Glasgow end of Loch Lomond, makes a bad start for the day-trip through the Trossachs, for it is an unlovely place which never ought to have been allowed to spoil so fair a loch. However, the steamer soon leave it behind, and the beauty of "the banks o' bonnie Loch Lomond" grows ever more and more, until it culminates at the landing place of Inversnaid, where the coaches start for Stronachlachar and Loch Katrine.

Ben Lomond is a favorite climb for seasoned mountaineers, the tiny village of Rowardennan being their centre, but the day tourist must be content to see it from lake and road from many points. There will be time, however, to see the falls at Inversnaid.

Rob Roy was born on a nearby farm, according to fairly reliable tradition, and is buried near to the farm where he died in 1734, on the Braes of Balquidder. He is the Robin Hood of Scotland, but there is really no proof that he was the leader of a lawless band. It is proved historically, however, that he and his father were both in the pay of the country from the Highland cattle thieves, or reivers. Their guard of men was called the "Black Watch," a name later transferred to a famous Highland regiment.

At Stronachlachar the coach is left for the steam launch up Loch Katrine. From the little pier at the head of Katrine it is only a mile or so to Loch Achray, but this mile is the true Trossachs.

The tourist also passes over the famous Brig o' Turk, and, if the road be taken to Callander, rather than to Aberfoyle, simply alternative routes and both equally fine from a scenic point of view—the tourist sees Callantigle Ford, where Loch Vennachar narrows to the River Teith.

British Pensions.

During the year ending March, 31st last, £27,020,000 was the total amount paid in pensions. The number of persons in receipt of pensions was 1,071,093, comprising 398,945 men and 672,148 women.

The Accordion.

The accordion was invented in 1826 by a French musical instrument dealer, Charles Buffet.

CANADA'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL ARRIVES

1.—Crayon sketch of Viscount Willingdon drawn on board Empress of Scotland just prior to the vessel sailing for Canada.
2.—Crayon sketch of Viscountess Willingdon drawn on board the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Scotland just prior to the vessel's departure for Canada.
3.—Misty (inset) Cairn Terrier, belonging to Their Excellencies which gained instant popularity.
4.—Menu card designed for use on Empress of Scotland when she carried the Governor-General to Canada, showing on a map of the world the various positions held all over by the Empire by Viscount Willingdon.
5.—Canadian Pacific Flagship Empress of Scotland which carried Their Excellencies to Canada.

Their Excellencies Viscount and Viscountess Willingdon made many friends on their voyage from England to Quebec on board the Canadian Pacific flagship Empress of Scotland, when His Lordship came here in October to become Governor-General of the Dominion. They paid visits to all parts of the vessel chatting with new settlers for Canada and presiding at the various functions that take place aboard ship during an ocean voyage. Sharing their popularity was their Cairn Terrier, Misty, who was friends with everyone except perhaps a plump Chow who looked to him as though he might develop into a dangerous rival.

Canada's thirteenth Governor-General had a fine reception when the ship docked at Quebec. He struck a tactful note when he told his French-Canadian audience he too could claim descent from the Normans and that French blood flowed in his veins equally as in theirs. "In this country," he said, "the descendants of our two races have worked for many years under the British Crown for a common purpose and object, namely, to promote the welfare and prosperity of the people of this wonderful country."

First impressions are vital in establishing successful relations and perhaps no impression gave so cordial an effect as one of His Lordship's speeches aboard the Empress of Scotland, which was broadcast all over Canada. In it he said: "I wonder if I may venture to add one word of rather an intimate and personal character. It is this—in wishing all my fellow-passengers the best of good luck in the future and all health and happiness they can possibly expect and obtain, may I ask them one and all to give an occasional thought—a kindly thought—to one who is about to undertake very grave responsibilities for the British Empire in the great Dominion of Canada."

That is the true democratic note, sounded with modesty and feeling and sure of an unreserved response throughout the length and breadth of Canada.

Meanings of Oats in Dream.

To dream of this grain foretells a journey by land; if an engaged young girl dreams of oats it denotes that her wedding tour is not far off. To see the field of oats is a good sign, but to see it cut down is an evil omen. To see oats stored away denotes famine. To sow oats signifies much happiness and gain.

The First Keyboards.

The earliest keyboard of which there is record was that of the hydraulic or water organ, a Greek invention of the Second century. In this the keys, eighteen in number, were all level. The modern chromatic keyboard was in use as early as 1361. The keys were so large they had to be struck with the fist.

GRANDEUR OF YUKON

JUDGE TELLS WHY MEN STILL LIVE THERE.

Unutterable Beauty of the Midnight Sun That Holds Them—Immensity of the North Makes One Humble, Yet Conscious of Power.

Judge Macauley sat in his deck chair on the steamship "Princess Mary" as it ploughed it way north through the Pacific waters of Queen Charlotte Sound, writes C. B. Robertson in the Toronto Star Weekly.

The Judge is a hale and hearty white-haired man of the Yukon old-timer school; gentle, courteous, with a humorous twinkle in his blue eyes. Mrs. Macauley sat nearby, a charming lady who has shared the judge's life in the Yukon for the past twenty-five years, with only occasional trips "outside."

"Do I love the Yukon?" said the judge. "Indeed I do! I have been down to visit my people in Belleville, my old home, where my son is now practising law; but, fine as it was to see my own people and to make the acquaintance of my grandson, I am more happy than I can say to be going home to dear old Dawson."

"What is this lure of the north, Judge?"

"It's hard to explain—to a chechako. Words don't express it. It's something which the sourdough knows and feels to the very depths of his soul! But the reason that we're comrades—we old-timers—is that we share that indefinable love of the north, which we never talk about, except to say, when we come home from a trip outside, 'It's good to be home!' We are a simple people, I suppose, and a bit inarticulate. The silence of the mountains may have made us so.

"When, as a young man of thirty-five, I was first appointed a Yukon judge, my philosophy of life and my religion were a bit complex. Both were especially muddled, for, with the tremendous responsibility thrust upon my rather young shoulders, I could meet it only in the simple faith that, greatly needing spiritual strength and wisdom, that need must be filled by the inspiration emanating from a Power infinitely strong and wise. And it was.

"You know that poem of Service's in which he speaks of 'men with the heart of vikings, and the simple faith of a child'? Well," the judge laughed, "I don't flatter myself that I, personally, ever was possessed of the 'heart of a viking,' but there is something in the immensity of the north that makes for the strengthening, one's religion—makes one very humble, yet conscious of power, of a sufficient courage to tackle big problems such as were those of the judge's in the old days of the Yukon gold rush.

"The immensity of the north!" The judge gazed toward the distant shore-line, its towering, snow-peaked mountains, its spirit of illimitable fiarness!

"The miners were a fine lot of adventurous chaps, on the whole; none better, and few criminals among them. But following every gold rush in history have come the rabble of lawless men whose aim is not work but plunder."

"Why were there so few crimes in the Yukon, compared with the number in adjacent Alaskan territory?"

"Can't you guess the answer?" said the judge, proudly. "The Northwest Mounted Police, of course! We had four hundred men in the force, and each man, it seemed, was possessed of unbounded courage, an alert brain, endless perseverance, and a passion for fulfilling his duty.

"But the days of the gold rush are long past. We've had, in the past ten years, in all the vast Yukon territory, only five murder trials, and they, such as might happen in any province of the Dominion. Dawson is like any other man's little home town. Our people are home-loving; their children are given a fine education. We have public schools with good teachers in every district where there are even a few children. These schools come and go as the mining operations change from one district to another. We follow up the little settlements, and educate the youngsters until they are ready for high school, at which stage many of them are sent to Dawson by their parents, to proceed toward matriculation, and ultimately, sometimes, to universities outside."

"Do you ever regret the old adventurous days?" the judge was asked.

"If I were a young man, I might regret those days, the thrill, the excitement, the ever-present sense of adventure in being in touch constantly with men whose every day was a hazardous thing of impressible hardships, met with indomitable courage. But I love the Yukon even more to-day, and the little town of Dawson with its dwindled population.

"I think the older we grow, we old-timers, the more we love the Yukon, for it was something more than the thrill of the old days that we loved even then, and it is something more than the harmonious and peaceful life of the country that we love to-day.

"It's the glory and the grandeur, and the unutterable beauty of our Land of the Midnight Sun that holds us, and brings us back, (when we fare 'outside' for a while), with the song of service, executing the more civilized country:

"I'm scared of it all, God's truth, so I am!
It's too big and brutal for me!"

"Cancel your trip south for awhile, Stay a year in the Yukon and I promise you won't be ready to return even then. See the great Yukon river freeze over in the fall; see the ice break in the spring; see the summer mountains a blaze of color from our gorgeous wild flowers!

"Then you'll be a sourdough, maybe, or one in the making, and you'll understand, without being told, the lure of the Yukon, the glory of the Land of the Midnight Sun!"

Pigeon's Long Memory.

A pigeon recently returned to a loft at Bath, England, after being absent for nearly four years.

Care of a Sick Child.

That the mind affects the body is generally admitted. That the body also affects the mind is equally true, and is particularly noticeable in the case of a sick child which, of course, makes no effort to conceal its feelings. A child's state of mind, therefore, is a good indication of its health. According to Dr. A. Levinson of Chicago, a child's illness may be diagnosed to a certain extent by its mental symptoms and it cannot be properly cared for except by one who understands the psychology of a sick child.—Denver Times.

FOR Colds

BAYER ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds	Headache	Neuritis	Lumbago
Pain	Neuralgia	Toothache	Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid). "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Greeks Originated Ostracism.

Ostracism was a ceremony and a political move, as well as a banishment in its original workings. The word comes from the Greek "ostrea," meaning the shell of an oyster. The shells were used as ballots. Ostracism was rather a compliment, as it took 6,000 votes to remove a man by ostracism, and anyone being important enough to arouse the desire of that many to having him expelled for a period of 10 years must have been of more than usual importance.

The Third Heaven.

According to an ancient Jewish opinion there were three heavens; (1) that wherein the birds fly, (2) that wherein the stars move, (3) that where the Highest and His angels live. In II Corinthians St. Paul's reference is to the heaven of heavens, the place of God's ruling over angels and all powers, as distinct from Paradise where the souls of the faithful dead abide, to which blest place he was raptured, also, as he says in the same passage.

Races of Mankind.

According to Whittaker's almanac, the Mongolian race is the largest, with 655,000,000, as compared to 615,000,000 of Caucasians, 100,000,000 of negroes, 81,000,000 of Semites, 52,000,000 of Malays and 23,000,000 of Red Indians. The Mongolian, or yellow race, includes the people of China, Tibet, Japan, Korea, Siam and Indochina, together with many of the tribes of Siberia and other parts of Asia.

Hadn't Wasted Any Time.

A young couple rushed into a marriage license bureau recently and announced to the clerk that they wished to be married at once. Dan Cupid's executive officer surveyed the couple from under grizzled brows and said severely: "I'm afraid this is a runaway match." "Well, your honor," returned the prospective groom, "I can't exactly say we ran, but we walked pretty fast."

Invisible Inks.

Of the many sympathetic inks which become visible on exposure of the writing to heat, following are a few examples: Weak solution of copper nitrate or perchloride of copper, strong solution of caustic potash, the juices of lemon, onion and other vegetables. Milk or buttermilk used on unglazed paper with a clean new pen will not show; a hot flatiron is the best way to show it up.

Learned Lesson From Animals.

As eminent a man as John Wesley, in his directions on the art of keeping well, wrote that "many of the medicines used among the common people of my time were first discovered by animals using them to cure their aches and pains." He said also: "It looked reasonable that if they would heal animals, they would also heal man."

Voices Louder Under a Tunnel.

Voices appear louder under a tunnel because the sounds are immediately reflected. Just as a gas reflector increases the intensity of light, so a sound reflector will increase the apparent strength of the voice.

And Hang It in the Trophy Room.

A pike weighing twenty-six pounds, upon being hooked by a Cheshire fisherman, pulled him in the canal. His escape was much regretted by the fish, who had decided to have him stuffed. —London Punch.

Not Guilty.

Sunday School Teacher—"Tommy, who was it that led the children of Israel into Canaan?" "I don't know, ma'am, but it wasn't me. I just moved here from Chicago."

"Fifty-Fifty."

At supper mother asked Buddy how he got along with arithmetic that day. He answered with some pride: "I know'd almost as much as I didn't know."

The Silver Lining.

People who are in the habit of worrying because they have too little leisure would do well to remember that every year we have nearly two months of Sundays.

Device Overcomes Sleeplessness.

No one need suffer from sleeplessness any longer. A device has been invented which, it is claimed, will send the worst case of insomnia to the land of nod in a few minutes. The machine, which in appearance is rather complicated, consists of a number of discs which, when the starting handle is moved, rotate in opposite directions. All that the sufferer has to do is to keep his eyes on the discs as they turn, until after a short spell of watching he gradually sinks into a sound sleep.

Kid Raising for Gloves.

Before the war the peasants of many a little village made a living by raising kid to supply the gloves for which France has long been famous. The perfection of the skins is considered by the French manufacturers to be the keynote of the perfect gloves. Their method is to have one workman handle the prepared kid from the time it is brought in until the gloves which are shaped from that kid are entirely finished.

Origin of Fireworks.

It may be assumed that we really owe fireworks to the Florentines and Sienese. They began their feasts of St. John the Baptist and the Assumption with wooden edifices, adorned with painted statues, and from the mouth and eyes of which issued a beautiful fire. Dragons, swans, eagles, etc., built on such a large scale as to carry many persons, were also made to emit amusing fireworks.

Strange Stunts With Tadpoles.

Tadpoles fed on extract of the thyroid gland develop through the various stages of their metamorphoses into frogs very rapidly, but they do not grow in size; when their own thyroids are suppressed—by cauterization or excision—or when they are fed on extracts of the thymus gland they grow to great size, but never develop into frogs, remaining nothing but giant tadpoles all their lives.

Those Who Are Gone.

Those who are gone you have. Those who departed loving you love you still; and you love them always. They are not really gone—those dear hearts and true—they are only gone into the next room; and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will be closed upon you, and you will be no more seen.—W. M. Thackeray.

Peculiar London Names.

London Town (England) has many curious names incorporated in its streets and squares which embody strange incidents or are of peculiar origin. The derivations of the name of the city itself would fill a tome but one authority gives the name as derived from the Celtic Llan-dun, City of the Moon, and tradition has it that there was once a temple of Diana where St. Paul's now stands. Similarly Greenwich is supposed to be derived from Grian-wick, also Celtic, meaning City of the Sun. London is also to be derived from Lud's Town, so called from Lud, said to be a mythical king of Britain.

Clock Running Since 1824.

A privileged party in being conducted through the state rooms of the White House in Washington had their attention directed to the handsome clock upon the mantel of the blue room, presented by the French to President Andrew Jackson in 1824. "It was running then," proclaimed the chief usher of the mansion boastfully, "and it's been running ever since." Louis XIV's own clock, by the way, at Versailles, has been running regularly since 1634.

The Laramie Mountains.

The Laramie mountains are a range of the Rockies in southeastern Wyoming. It begins on the south bank of the North Platte river, in Natrona county, somewhat southeast of the center of the state, and extends in a southeasterly direction through Albany and Laramie counties, being cut by the Laramie river and its north branch. The range is mostly a broad upland, of from seven to eight thousand feet elevation, with no outstanding summits.

ask for Model 62, Single Dial Station Selector. Gets the Station with a Simple turn of a Single Knob

We'll loan you this Radio tomorrow night

RIGHT in your own home we'll let you prove to yourself that King Radio is *simplified* radio, easy to operate, built for the whole family to enjoy.

This picture gives you but a faint idea of the King 62. It's a beauty in looks—and a beauty in performance, too. Six tubes, fully-shielded, stabilized circuit. A single knob picks up the parade of stations on the air—and gives you volume and real musical quality.

We know radio—and every set you buy here gets service from our experienced men. Depend upon that from the time it is installed.

Come in today—get a demonstration. Or merely phone us and we'll send a man to install this set for three nights' trial right in your own home.

Small Down Payment Balance Monthly

You can pay for this set as you enjoy it. A small down payment puts it in your home—including all batteries, aerial or other accessories you may need.

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The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER IV

The train came to a sliding halt at Deer Creek, paused an infinitesimal fraction of a second, and roared on in its ceaseless journey. That infinitesimal fraction was long enough for Bruce, poised on the bottom step of a sleeping car, to swing down on to the gravel right-of-way. His bag, hurled by a sleepy porter, followed him.

Duncan's next impression was one of infinite solitude. He hadn't read any guidebooks about Deer Creek, and he had expected some sort of town. But here was one little wooden structure with only two sides,—the opening facing the track. It was evidently the waiting room used by the mountain men as they waited for their local trains.

There were no porters to carry his bag. There were no shouting officials. His only companions were the stars and the moon and, farther up, the slope, certain tall trees that tapered to incredible points almost in the region where the stars began.

The whole scene, for causes deeper than any words may ever seek and reveal, moved him past any experience in his life. It was wholly new.

He turned about until the wind was in his face. It was full of fragrances,—strange, indescribable smells that seemed to call up a forgotten world. They carried a message to him, but as yet he hadn't made out its meaning. He only knew it was something mysterious and profound: great truths that flickered, like dim lights, in his consciousness, but whose outline he could not quite discern.

Perhaps there were sounds, but they only seemed part of the silence. The faintest rustle in the world reached him from the forests above of many little winds playing a running game between the trunks, and the stir of the Little People, moving in their midnight occupations. Each of these sounds had its message for Bruce. They all seemed to be trying to tell him something, to make clear some great truth that was dawning in his consciousness.

He was not in the least afraid. He felt at peace as never before. He picked up his bag, and with stealing steps approached the long slope behind. The moon showed him a fallen log, and he found a comfortable seat on the ground beside it, his back against its bark. Then he waited for the dawn to come out.

The night hours passed. The sense of peace seemed to deepen on the man. He sat relaxed, his brown face grave, his eyes lifted. The stars began to dim and draw back farther into the recesses of the sky. The round outline of the moon seemed less pronounced. And a faint ribbon of light began to grow in the east.

It widened. The light grew. The night wind played one more little game between the tree trunks and slipped away to the Home of Winds that lies somewhere above the mountains. The little night sounds were slowly stilled.

Bruce closed his eyes, not knowing why. His blood was leaping in his

The Night Hours Passed. The Sense of Peace Seemed to Deepen on the Man.

veins. An unfamiliar excitement, almost an exultation, had come upon him. He lowered his head nearly to his hands that rested in his lap, then waited a full five minutes more.

Then he opened his eyes. The light had grown around him. His hands were quite plain. Slowly, as a man raises his eyes to a miracle, he lifted his face.

The forest was no longer obscured in darkness. The great trees had emerged, and only the dusk as of twilight was left between. He saw them plainly—their symmetrical forms, their declining limbs, their tall tops piercing the sky. He saw them as they were,—those ancient, eternal symbols and watchmen of the wilderness. And he knew them at last, acquaintances long forgotten but remembered now.

"The pines!" he cried. He leaped to his feet with flashing eyes. "I have come back to the pines!"

CHAPTER V

The dawn revealed a narrow road along the bank of Deer creek—a brown little wanderer which, winding here and there, did not seem to know exactly where it wished to go. Bruce didn't know which direction to take, whether up or down the creek.

He gave the problem a moment's thought. "Take the road up the Divide," Barney Wegan had said; and at once Bruce knew that the course lay up the creek, rather than down. A divide means simply the high places between one watershed and another, and of course Trail's End lay somewhere beyond the source of the stream.

The creek itself was apparently a sub-tributary of the Rogue, the great river to the south.

Bruce was in a mood to be delighted, these early morning hours. He was on the way to Linda; the dream was about to come true. The whole adventure was of the most thrilling and joyous anticipations. He did not feel the load of his heavy suitcase. It was nothing to his magnificent young strength.

The sun rose higher, and he began to feel its power. The sweat came out on his bronze face. He could never felt better in his life. There was but one great need, and that was breakfast.

A man of his physique feels hunger quickly. The sensation increased in intensity, and the distance grew correspondingly heavy. And all at once he stopped short in the road. The impulse along his nerves to his leg muscles was checked. For the electric current at the closing of a switch and an instinct of unknown origin struggled for expression within him.

In an instant he had it. He didn't know whence it came. It was nothing he had read or that any one had told him. It seemed to be rather the result of some experience in his own immediate life, an occurrence of so long ago that he had forgotten it. He suddenly knew where he could find his breakfast. He set his suitcase down, and with the confidence of a man who hears the dinner call in his own house struck off into the thickets beside the creek bed. Instinct—and really, after all, instinct is nothing but memory—led his steps true.

He glanced here and there, not even wondering at the singular fact that he did not know exactly what manner of food he was seeking. In a moment he came to a growth of thorn covered bushes, a thicket that only the sheer knew how to penetrate. But it was enough for Bruce just to stand at its edges. The bushes were bent down with a load of delicious berries.

He wasn't in the least surprised. He had known that he would find them. Always, at this season of the year, the woods were rich with them; one only had to slip quickly through the back door—while the mother's eye was elsewhere—to find enough of them not only to pack the stomach full but to stain the discolor the mouth. But it seemed to him that he reached them easier than he expected. Either the bushes were not so tall as he remembered them, or—since his first knowledge of them—his own stature had increased.

When he had eaten the last berry he could possibly hold, he went to the creek to drink. He lay down beside a still pool, and the water was cold to his lips. He rose at the sound of an approaching motor car behind him.

The driver—evidently a cattleman—stopped his car and looked at Bruce with some curiosity. He marked the perfectly fitting suit of dark flannel, the trim, expensive shoes that were already dust-stained, the silken shirt on which a juicy berry had been crushed. "Howdy," the man said after the western fashion.

"How do you do," Bruce replied. "How far to Martin's store?"

The man filled his pipe with great care before he answered. "Jump in the car," he replied at last, "and I'll show you. I'm going up that way myself."

CHAPTER VI

Martin's was a typical little mountain store, containing a small sample of almost everything under the sun, and built at the forks in the road. Bruce entered slowly, and the little group of loungers gazed at him with frank curiosity.

Only one of them was of a type sufficiently distinguished so that Bruce's own curiosity was aroused. This was a huge, dark man who stood alone almost at the rear of the building—a veritable giant with savage, bloodhound lips and deep-sunken eyes. There was a quality in his posture that attracted Bruce's attention at once. No one could look at him and doubt that he was a power in these mountain realms.

He was dressed much as the other mountain men who had assembled in the store. He wore a flannel shirt over his gorilla chest, and corduroy trousers stuffed into high, many-seamed riding boots.

The dark eyes were full upon Bruce's face. He felt them—just as if they had the power of actual physical impact—the instant that he was inside the door. Nor was it the curious look of careless speculation or friendly interest. It was much that no man, to whom self-respect is dear, could possibly disregard. It spoke clearly as words.

Bruce flushed, and his blood made a curious little leap. He slowly turned. His gaze moved until it rested full upon the man's eyes. It took all of Bruce's strength to hold that gaze. The moment was charged with a mysterious suspense.

The stranger's face changed too. He did not flush, however. His lips curled ever so slightly, revealing an instant's glimpse of strong, rather wolfish teeth. His eyes were narrowing too; and they seemed to come to life with singular sparkles and glowings between the lids.

"Well?" he suddenly demanded. Every man in the room—except one—started. The one exception was Bruce himself. He was looking hard on his nerve control, and he only continued to stare coldly.

"Are you the merchant?" Bruce asked.

"No, I ain't," the other replied. "You usually look for the merchant behind the counter."

There was no smile on the faces of the waiting mountain men, usually so

"I Would Like to Have You Tell Me," He Said Quite Clearly, "The Way to Mrs. Ross' Cabin."

be expected when one of their number achieves repartee on a tenderfoot. Nevertheless, the tension was broken. Bruce turned to the merchant.

"I would like to have you tell me," he said quite clearly, "the way to Mrs. Ross' cabin."

The merchant seemed to wait a long time before replying. His eyes stole to the giant's face, found the lips curled in a smile; then he flushed. "Take the left-hand road," he said with a trace of defiance in his tone.

"It soon becomes a trail, but keep right on going up it. At the fork in the trail you'll find her cabin."

"How far is that, please?"

"Two hours' walk; you can make it easy by four o'clock."

"Thank you." His eyes glanced over the stock of goods and he selected a few edibles to give him strength for the walk. "I'll leave my suitcase here if I may," he said, "and will call for it later." He turned to go.

"Wait just a minute," a voice spoke behind him. It was a commanding tone—implying the expectations of obedience. Bruce half turned. "Simon wants to talk to you," the merchant explained.

"I'll walk with you a way and show you on the road," Simon continued. The room seemed thatwith quiet as the two men went out together.

They walked side by side until a turn of the road took them out of eyerange of the store. "This is the road," Simon said, "that you have to do is follow it. Cabins are not so many that you could mistake it. But the main thing is—whether or not you want to go."

Bruce had no misunderstanding about the man's meaning. It was simply a threat, nothing more nor less.

"I've come a long way to go to that cabin," he replied. "I'm not likely to turn off now."

"There's nothing worth seeing when you get there. Just an old hag—a wrinkled old dame that looks like a witch."

Bruce felt a deep and little understood resentment at the words. Yet since he had as yet established no relations with the woman, he had no grounds for silencing the man. "I'll have to decide that," he replied. "I'm going to see some one else, too."

"Some one named—Linda?"

"Yes. You seem quite interested."

They were standing face to face in the trail. For once Bruce was glad of his unusual height. He did not have to raise his eyes greatly to look squarely into Simon's. Both faces were flushed, both set; and the eyes of the older man brightened slowly.

"I am interested," Simon replied. "You're a tenderfoot. You're fresh from cities. You're going up there to see things that won't be any pleasure to you. You're going into the real mountains—a man's land such as never was a place for tenderfeet. A good many things can happen up there. A good many things have happened up there. I warn you—go back!"

Bruce smiled, just the faint flicker of a smile, but Simon's eyes narrowed when he saw it. The dark face lost a little of its fullness. To knew men, this huge son of the wilderness, and he knew that no coward could smile in such a moment as this. He was accustomed to implicit obedience and was not used to seeing men balk when he uttered a threat. "I've come too far to go back," Bruce told him. "Nothing can turn me."

Men have been turned before, on trails like this," Simon told him. "Don't misunderstand me. I advised you to go back before, and I usually don't take time or trouble to advise any one. Now I tell you to go back. This is a man's land, and we don't want any tenderfoot here."

"The trail is open," Bruce returned. It was not his usual manner to speak in quite this way. He seemed at once to have fallen into the vernacular of the wilderness of which Simon's reference has such a part. Strange as the scene was to him, it was in some way familiar too. It was as if this meeting had been ordained long ago; that it was part of an irresistible destiny that the two should be talking together, face to face, on this winding mountain road. Memories—all vague, all unrecognized—thronged through him.

Many times, during the past years, he had wakened from curious dreams that in the light of day he had tried in vain to interpret. He was never able to connect them with any remembered experience. Now it was as if one of these dreams were coming true. There was the same silence about him, the dark forests beyond, the ridges stretching ever. There was some

EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Read Mrs. Maynard's Letter. Her Experience May Help

Chatham, Ontario.—"I want to tell you how much good your medicine has done me. Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt so weak and run-down that I could hardly do my work. My head ached continually and I was so discouraged that I could cry from morning till night. I had another baby just one year and a half old and it gave me a lot to do. So I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as I had read so much about it. I felt from the first I found a difference right away as my head was relieved and my tired feelings gone. My sister had been doing my washing and she continued doing it, as she said it might set me back if I started to do it again. I could help me and I had taken just two bottles when my baby came. He is a fine big boy, now nearly five months old. I am taking your medicine again and I am able to do my work all by myself now. I always recommend the Vegetable Compound to women, and especially to expectant mothers, as I believe they need help at those times."—Mrs. OLIVER MENARD, 54 Center St., Chatham, Ontario. C

greater fear that might any instant overwhelm him.

"I guess you heard me," Simon said; "I told you to go back."

"And I hope you heard me too. I'm going on. I haven't any more time to give you."

"And I'm not going to take any more, either. But let me make one thing plain. No man, told to go back by me, ever has a chance to be told again. This ain't your cities—up here. There ain't any policemen on every corner. The woods are big, and all kinds of things can happen in them—and be swallowed up—as I swallow these leaves in my hand."

His great arm reached out with incredible power and seized a handful of leaves off a near-by shrub. It seemed to Bruce that they crushed like fruit and stained the dark skin. "I've already decided. I'm going on."

Once more they stood, eyes meeting eyes on the trail, and Simon's face was darkening with passion. Bruce knew that his hands were clenching, and his own muscles were tense and ready to resist any kind of attack.

But Simon didn't strike. He laughed instead—a sipple deep note of utter and depthless scorn. Then he drew back and let Bruce pass on down the road.

CHAPTER VII

Bruce couldn't mistake the cabin. At the end of the trail he found it—a little shack of unpainted boards with a single door and a single window.

He stood a moment in the sunlight. He could not guess what was his destiny behind that rude door. It was a moment long waited; for one of the few times in his life he was trembling with excitement. He felt as if a key, long lost, was turning in the doorway of understanding.

He walked nearer and tapped with his knuckles on the door.

Of the forests have org...allpervading quality it is sinister. What sound there is carries far and seems rather out of place. Bruce could picture the whole of the little drama that followed his knock by just the faint soundsbaudible in a less silent land—that reached him from behind the door. At first it was just a start; then a short exclamation in the hollow, half-whispering voice of old, old age. A moment more of silence—as if a slowmoving, aged brain were trying to conjecture who stood outside—then the creaking of a chair as some one rose. The last sounds were of a strange hobbling toward him—a rustle of shoes half dragged on the floor and the intermittent tapping of a cane.

The face that showed so dimly in the shadowed room looked just as Bruce had expected—wrinkled past belief, lean and hawk-nosed from age. The hand that rested on the cane was like a bird's claw, the skin blue and hard and dry. She stood bowed over her cane.

Yet in that first instant Bruce had an inexplicable impression of being in the presence of a power. He did not have the wave of pity with which one usually greets the decrepit. And at first he didn't know why. But soon he grew accustomed to the shadows and he could see the woman's eyes. Then he understood.

They were set deep behind grizzled brows, but they glowed like coals. There was no other word. They were not the eyes of one whom time is about to conquer. Her bodily strength was gone; but personal beauty that she might have had was ashes long and long ago, but some great fire burned in her yet.

She blinked in the light. "Who is it?" she croaked.

Bruce did not answer. He had not prepared a reply for this question. But it was not needed. The woman leaned forward, and a vivid light began to dawn in her dark, furrowed face.

Even to Bruce, already succumbed to this atmosphere of mystery into which his adventure had led him, that dawning light was the single most startling phenomenon he had ever beheld. The witchlike face seemed to gleam with a white flame. And Bruce knew that his coming was the answer to the prayer of a whole lifetime. It was a thought to sober him. No small passion, no weak desire, no prayer that time or despair could silence could effect such a light as this.

"Bruce," he said simply. It did not even occur to him to use the surname of Duncan. It was a name of a time and sphere already forgotten. "I don't know what my real last name is."

"Bruce—Bruce," the woman whispered. She stretched a palsied hand to him as if it would feel his flesh to reassure her of its reality. He saw the exultation in her wrinkled, lifted face. "Oh, praises to His Everlasting Name!" she cried. "Oh, Glory—Glory to on High!"

And this was not blasphemy. The words came from the heart. No matter how terrible the passion from which they sprang, whether it was such evil as would cast her to hell, such a cry as this could not go unheard. The strength seemed to go out of her as water flows. She rocked on her cane, and Bruce, thinking she was about to fall, seized her shoulders. "At last—at last," she cried. "You've come at last."

She gripped herself, as if trying to find renewed strength. "Go at once," she said, "to the end of the Pine-Needle Trail. It leads from behind the cabin."

He tried to emerge from the dreamlike mists that had enveloped him. "How far is it?" he asked her steadily.

"To the end of Pine-Needle Trail," she rocked again, clutched for one of his brown hands, and pressed it between hers.

Then she raised it to her dry lips. Bruce could not keep her from it. And after an instant more he did not attempt to draw it from her embrace. In the darkness of that mountain cabin, in the shadow of the eternal pines, he knew that some great drama of human life and love and hatred was behind the action; and he knew with a knowledge unimpeachable that it would be only insolence for him to try further to resist it. Its cunning went too deep for him to see; but it filled him with a great and wondering awe.

Then he turned away, up the Pine-needle Trail. Clear until the deeper forest closed around him her voice still followed him—a strange croaking in the afternoon silence. "At last," he heard her crying. "At last, at last."

CHAPTER VIII

In almost a moment, Duncan was out of the thickets and into the big timber. As far as he could see there was nothing but the great pines climbing up the long slope of the ridge. They stood straight and aloof, and they were very old.

He fell into their spirit at once. The half-understood emotions that had flooded him in the cabin below died within him. The great calm that is, after all, the all-pervading quality of the big pines came over him. Bruce was rather tremulous and exultant as he crept softly up the trail.

It was the last lap of his journey. At the end of the trail he would find—Linda! And it seemed quite fitting that she would be waiting there, where the trail began, in the wildest heart of the pine woods. He was quite himself once more—fearless, delighting in the manifold manifestations of the wild life that began to stir about him.

His delight grew upon him. It was a dream coming true. Always it seemed to him, he had carried in his mind a picture of this very land, a sort of dream place that was a reality at last. He had known just how it would be. He had always known how the pine shadows would fall across the carpet of needles, how trees themselves were the same grave companions that he had expected, but his delight was all the more because of his expectations.

As the trail climbed higher, the sense of wilderness became more

At the End of the Trail He Would Find—Linda!

pronounced. Even the trees seemed larger and more majestic, and the glimpses of the wild people were more frequent. The birds stopped their rattle-brained conversation and stared at him with frank curiosity. The grouse let him get closer before they took to cover.

The hours passed. The trail grew dimmer. Now it was just a brown serpent in the pine needles, coiling this way and that—but he loved every foot of it. It dipped down to a little stream, of which the blasting sun of summer had made only a succession of shallow pools. Yet the water was cold to his lips. And he knew that little forest-trotting cottontail and the fall rains should make a torrent of their tiny stream and thus deliver them—were gazing at him while he drank.

By a queer pounding of his blood Bruce knew that he was in the high altitudes. He had already come six miles from the cabin. The hour was about six-thirty; in two hours more it would be too dark to make his way at all.

He examined the mud about the spring, and there was plenty of evidence that the forest creatures had passed that way. Here was a little triangle where a buck had stepped, and further away he found two pairs of deer tracks—evidently those of a doe with fawn. A wolf had stopped to cool his heated tongue in the waters, possibly in the middle of some terrible hunt in the twilight hours.

Then he found a huge abrasion in the mud that puzzled him still more. At the first he couldn't believe that it was a track. The reason was simply that the size of the thing was incredible—as if some one had laid a flour sack in the mud and taken it up again. He did not think of any of the modern-day forest creatures as being of such proportions. It was very stale and had been almost obliterated by many days of sun. Perhaps he had been careless in thinking it an imprint of a living creature. He went to his knees to examine it.

But in one instant he knew that he had not been mistaken. It was a track not greatly different from that of an enormous human foot; and the separate toes were entirely distinct. It was a bear track, of course, but one of such size that the general run of little black bears that inhabited the hills could almost use it for a den of hibernation!

He got up and went on—farther toward Trail's End. He walked more swiftly now, for he hoped to reach the end of Pine-Needle Trail before nightfall, but he had no intention of halting in case night came upon him before he reached it. He had waited too long already to find Linda.

Another hour ended the day's sunlight. The shadows fell quickly, but it was a long time yet until darkness. He yet might make the trail-end. He gave no thought to fatigue. In the first place, he had stored up remarkably well under the day's tramp for no other reason than that he had always made a point of keeping in the best of physical condition. Besides, there was something more potent than mere physical strength to sustain him now. It was the realization of the nearing end of the trail—a knowledge of tremendous revelations that would come to him in a few hours more.

Already great truths were taking shape in his brain; he only needed a single sentence of explanation to connect them all together. He began to feel a growing excitement and impatience.

It was quite dark now, and he could barely see the trail. For the first time he began to despair, fearful that another night of overpowering impatience must be spent before he could reach Trail's End. The stars began to push through the darkening sky. Then, farther than the gleam of a firefly, he saw the faint light of a far distant camp fire.

His heart bounded. He knew what it was there. It was the end of the trail at last. And it guided him the rest of the way. When he reached the top of a little rise in the trail, the whole scene was laid out in mystery below him.

The fire had been built at the door of a mountain house—a log structure of perhaps four rooms. The firelight played in its open doorway. Something beside it caught his attention, and though he followed it with his eyes until it ended in an incredible region of the stars, it was a great pine tree, the largest he had ever seen—seemingly a great sentinel over all the rest.

But the sudden awe that came over him at the sight of it was cut short by the sight of a girl's figure in the firelight. He had an instant's sense that he had come to the wilderness' heart at last, that this tall tree was its symbol, that if he could understand the eternal watch that it kept over this mountain world, he would have an understanding of all things; but all these thoughts were submerged in the realization that he had come back to Linda at last.

He had known how the mountains would look and the trees, but he had beheld today was just the recurrence of things beheld long ago. Nothing had seemed different from what he had expected; rather he had a sense that a lost world had been returned to him, and it was almost as if he had never been away. But the girl in the firelight did not answer in the least degree the picture he had carried of Linda.

He remembered her as a blond-headed little girl with irregular features and a rather unreasonable allowance of homeliness. All the way he had thought of her as a baby sister—not as a woman in her flower. For a long second he gazed at her in speechless amazement.

Her hair was no longer blond. True, it had peculiar red lights when the firelight shone through it; but he knew by the light of day it would be deep brown. He remembered her as an awkward little thing that was hardly able to keep her feet under her. This tall girl had the wilderness grace—which is the grace of a deer and only blind eyes cannot see it. He dimly knew that she wore a khaki-colored skirt and a simple blouse of white tied with a blue scarf. Her arms were bare in the fire's gleam. And there was a dark beauty about her face that simply could not be denied.

She came toward him, and her hands were open before her, and her lips trembled. Bruce could see them in the firelight.

It was a strange meeting. The firelight gave it a tone of unreality, and the whole forest world seemed to pause in its whispered business as if to watch. It was as if they had been brought face to face by the mandates of an inexorable destiny.

To be Continued.

Cook's Regulating Compound

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

23-1-y

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c. per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c. per line each insertion.

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A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given, if required.

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GYPROC FIREPROOF WALLBOARD HARDWALL PLASTER and INSULEX The Mineral Insulator. —FOR SALE BY— Robert Light Lumber and Millwood Telephone 53. Napanee, Ont.

Human Flies Scale C.P.R. Chimney

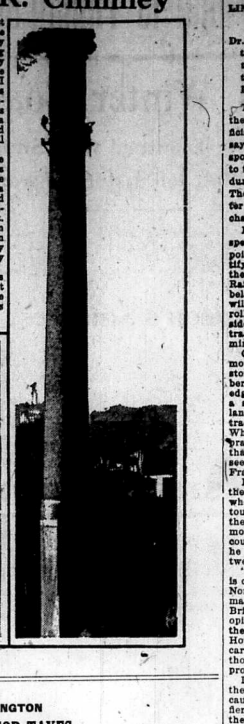
Walking around a two-foot-wide platform that encircled the top of the 218-foot-high chimney at the end of the Windsor street station train platforms, Henry Held, of New York, and Richard Boucher, of Three Rivers, drew many eyes from neighboring streets and from the windows of the C.P.R. offices. The men had been engaged by the company to repoint the bricks, clean the surface and repair the lightning rods on the huge chimney.

The work of getting the platform to the top of the chimney occupied the men for eight days. Every upward movement of the platform was to a height of six feet and at the last minute of completing this work one of the men would be standing on a single plank, the other having been raised to the upper position. This ticklish work was to the onlooker dangerous in the extreme, but the men thought nothing of it.

Asked if he ever suffered from attacks of vertigo, Held laughed and said he never had. "I feel just as safe up there as I do on the ground." He is a man over sixty years of age and has been doing this kind of work for the past forty years. "I feel right at home on the C.P.R. chimney," he added, "for I built it in 1912." However, he is thinking of quitting in another couple of years, although his nerve is as good as ever it was. He owns a half-section of land in Alberta and is there that he says he will settle down.

Both men moved with the same ease at the perilous height as though they were walking on the street. At times, when hauling a plank upwards, one of them stooped over the edge of the platform, looking sheer down the drop of 200 feet. At other times they swung out from the walls of the chimney perched on a tiny cradle. At all times they appeared to have complete mastery of the situation.

Although it took them eight days to hoist the platform to its present position, they glided from it to the cradle in a little more than a minute.



COUNTY OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON

TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS FOR TAXES

County of Lennox and Addington,
TO WIT:

By virtue of a Warrant under the hand of the WARDEN and the seal of the County of Lennox and Addington bearing date the 29th day of July, A.D., 1926, and to me directed, commanding me to levy upon the Lands mentioned in the following list for the Arrears of Taxes due thereon and the Costs of Sale as therein set forth, I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that unless the said Arrears and Costs are sooner paid, I shall proceed to sell the said Lands, or so much thereof as may be necessary, for the aforesaid Arrears of Taxes and Costs at my office in the Court House, Town of Napanee by Public Auction on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of NOVEMBER, A.D., 1926, and the following day if necessary, beginning at the hour of TEN O'CLOCK in the forenoon and in compliance with the "Assessment Act."

W. J. SHANNON,
County Treasurer of Lennox and Addington.

County Treasurer's Office, Court House, Napanee, July 29th, 1926.

TOWNSHIP OF DENBIGH

Owner or Party Assessed	Lot	Con.	Acres	Years	Arrears	Costs	Total
Caldwell Estate	8	E.R.	100	1922-25	$19.38	$2.74	$22.12
Ruth Snider	4 & 5	200	1922-3-4-5	129.36	5.99	135.35

TOWNSHIP OF ABINGER

Deseronto Land Co	2	W.R.	100	1923-4-5	25.56	2.89	28.45
S. S. Chuthom	1, 2, 3	4	200	1923	12.71	3.07	15.78
Hugo Brown	3 & 4	9	200	1923-4-5	87.65	4.70	92.35
John Flake	9 & 10	13	200				
	17	14	100				
	15	15	100	1922-3-4	104.58	5.62	110.20
C. M. Clark	13	15	100	1921 to 5	44.22	3.16	47.38
William Holmes	17 & 18	15	200	1922-3-4-5	77.74	4.45	82.19

TOWNSHIP OF KALADAR

G. A. MacGillivray	E ½ 6	1	100	1922-3-4-5	20.68	2.77	23.45
Shirley Hames	12 & 13	2	200	1923-4-5	43.26	3.59	46.85
T. L. Kipp	E ½ 9	5	128½	1923-4-5	21.41	2.79	24.20
Joseph Grey	9	6	70	1922-23	7.46	2.50	9.96
W. J. and Mary Foster	Pt 10	7	8½	1923	3.10	2.50	5.60
Joseph Grey	10	8	188	1922-25	24.90	2.88	27.78
J. H. MacDonald	Pt 27	8	1	1922-25	21.17	2.78	23.95
Marshal Presley	E ½ 26	8					
	E ½ 27	8					
	N.W ¼ 26	9	250	1921	54.44	4.12	58.56
George Garry	E ½ 27	9	100	1921-2-3	25.26	2.89	28.15
Noah Kimmerly	E ½ 26	9					
	Pt 25	10	125	1921	39.13	3.48	42.61
William Woodcock	N ½ 10	10					
	S ½ 11	10	200	1922	12.58	2.82	15.40
Electa Thompson	6	11	100	1923-4-5	31.01	3.03	34.04
Deseronto Land Co	N ½ 2	8	80	1923-4	4.73	2.50	7.23

TOWNSHIP OF ANGLESEA

Mary Spencer	12	R.A.	100	1922-23	38.81	3.23	42.04
Cole Cummings	22 & 23	R.A.	200	1922-23	50.15	3.76	53.91
Boonie Hawley	26	R.A.	100	1923	4.00	2.50	6.50
Deseronto Land Co	27	R.A.	100	1923-4-5	15.26	2.64	17.90
George McGarvey	6		100	1922	10.26	2.51	12.77
Excelsior Life	29	8	100	1923-4-5	7.99	2.50	10.49
Walter Burch	Pt 6	10	2	1923-5	2.77	2.50	5.27
Fred Stir u	Pt 5	10	10	1923	1.61	2.50	4.11
Sidney Ballard	Pt 5	10	5	1923-25	5.73	2.50	8.23
Excelsior Life	E ½ 32	17	100	1923-4-5	7.99	2.50	10.49

TOWNSHIP OF EFFINGHAM

F. W. Griffith	Point in Wes-lemoon Lake	16	5	1922-23	173.79	6.60	180.39
William Hartwig	do	16	3¼	1922	50.34	3.51	53.85

TOWNSHIP OF SHEFFIELD

Charles LaBarge	N ½ 29	1	100				
	S ½ 30	1	100	1922	14.70	2.87	17.57
Chance Clark	E ½ 14	6	100	1923	19.48	2.99	22.47
Ruth P. McKim	Pt of the E. Pt of lot 4, Village lot 16, Ballen-trae		¼ ac	1922-3-4-5	4.05	2.50	6.55
J. A. Seybold et al	E ½ 5	14	100	1923-4-5	67.29	3.94	71.23
Fred Hawley	E ½ 9	14	200	1922-4-5	21.74	3.05	24.79
	E ½ 10	14	198	1923-4-5	18.14	2.71	20.85
Deseronto Land Co	24	15					

VILLAGE OF ERINSVILLE

S. E. Side Tullow St	1	4	¼ ac	1922-3-4-5	1.43	2.50	3.93
E. Side Ottawa St. South	1	4	¼ ac	1922-3-4-5	2.07	2.50	4.57
E. Side Ottawa St. South	2	4	¼ ac	1922-3-4-5	2.67	2.50	5.17

TOWNSHIP OF ERNESTTOWN

Emma Galloway	Pt 30	1	¾ ac	1922-3-4-5	63.72	3.85	67.57
A. D. VanSlyck	Pt 5	3	5 ac	1922-3-4-5	42.82	3.33	46.15

VILLAGE OF BATH

House of Providence	Pt lots 7 & 1 south of Queen and west of Church St. (Meacham's Atlas)			1923-4-5	31.14	3.03	34.17

VILLAGE OF NEWBURGH

Hazard Bristol	Lot 6, Con. 2 corner of North & Brock		1/5 ac	1922-3-4-5	5.94	2.50	8.44

N.B.—The above List of Lands are all Patented.

W. C. LOYST, Warden.

W. J. SHANNON, County Treasurer.

THE CARIBOO HIGHWAY

LINKS WINNIPEG TO COAST BY AUTOMOBILE

Dr. Doolittle, of Toronto, President of the Canadian Automobile Association, Calls New Hope-Lytton Mountain Section Most Thrilling Drive In America.

Though the Hope-Lytton link of the Cariboo Highway will not be officially opened until next summer, says a Toronto Star Weekly correspondent, tourists have been allowed to travel over this ninety-mile stretch during the latter part of this year. The road will be closed for the winter so that the gravel may have a chance to set.

Formal approval was given by a special commission of engineers appointed by the Railway Board to certify that the road does not menace the operation of Canadian National Railway trains three hundred feet below it. It is recognized that there will always be some danger of stones rolling down the steep mountain sides, but constant patrol of the trails will reduce this menace to a minimum.

One of the grave problems is that motorists persist on heaving loose stones over the solid parapet of timber or rock that safeguards the outer edge of the road, forgetting that even a small boulder may start an avalanche that will bury the railway tracks and delay traffic for hours. When censured for this dangerous practice most of the tourists explain that they get quite a kick out of seeing the stones splash in the Fraser river, 1,100 feet below.

Dr. E. P. Doolittle, president of the Canadian Automobile Association, who completed a transcontinental tour of 6,564 miles, is believed to be the first man to have driven an automobile from east of Winnipeg to Vancouver by an all-Canadian route, but he had to dip south of the line between Fort William and Winnipeg. "Undoubtedly the Cariboo Highway is one of the greatest scenic drives in North America, and it stands as a magnificent tribute to the people of British Columbia," he said. "In my opinion, from Lillooet to Lytton is the most thrilling drive in America. However, it is a safe road for the careful driver and should attract thousands of tourists to the Pacific province."

It must be admitted, however, that the recklessness of certain drivers is causing grave concern. The speed fiend made their appearance, but theirs is a minor menace compared to that of the nervous man who keeps to the inside of the road because the sight of the sheer drop to churning waters, a thousand feet below, is more than his timidity can stand. No car could possibly dislodge the solid parapet, but distance from the edge gives an illusion of greater safety. The road is never less than sixteen feet wide, often eighteen, sometimes twenty, and the narrowest places there is at least four feet clearance for cars, and no grade is steeper than eight per cent., but this practice of driving on the wrong side of the road is a constant invitation to deplorable and unnecessary disaster.

Gouging a road on the solid granite of Jackass Mountain proved one of the hardest tasks of the contractors.

At two points it was necessary to burrow into the very depths of the mountain itself, thus giving to British Columbia the distinction of having the only automobile highway tunnels in the Dominion.

The cost of building this Hope-Lytton link of the Cariboo road, including bridges and tunnels, is about $1,250,000, but the maintenance costs will be comparatively small. The highway will be open all the year round, though the heavy traffic will be during the tourist season. A proposal that tolls be charged has been seriously considered, but there is considerable opposition to this from automobile clubs and tourist associations. A strong argument in favor of toll gates is that these would help to check the asinine activities of the reckless.

The Cariboo road, by the bridging of the Fraser river canyon and the building of the Hope-Lytton section, becomes an extension of the Pacific Highway.

Controlling Trains by Radio.

Successful tests in the direction and operation of goods trains by radio-telephony have been completed by the New York Central lines, says the Electrical Review, and indicate the "advent of a new era in goods operation." Tests were made with an engine and guard's van, each specially equipped with radio 'phones operating on a wave-length of 115 meters, and using three valves for transmitting and four for receiving.

An official report on the subject says conversation between engine and guard's van was carried on for five hours during a severe electrical storm and that, and no interference from steel bridges, power lines, or passing trains was detected.

A Monster Wine Barrel.

The famous Heidelberg wine barrel, once the largest of its kind in the world, is surpassed in size by a new barrel in the wine cellar of Matheus Mueller, at Eltville-on-the-Rhine. It holds 283,000 quarts of Rhine wine.

If each drank a regular size three-quarter liter bottle a day, it would take 18 men 60 years to drain the huge container. It is 49 feet long, 23 feet wide, and 10 feet in height.

The Heidelberg barrel has been 3 for many years, but in the days of its usefulness it held 209,238 quarts. Mueller's wine cellar also has a barrel containing about 100,000 quarts of champagne.

Sweden Gets Alaska Foxes.

Sweden has imported 149 Alaskan foxes, said to be worth $75,000 which will be used in starting fox farms. The steamship company transporting them gave them among other things five chickens to eat to keep them in good condition on the trip.

Land of Secret Societies.

China is the land of secret societies. They are numbered by the score, and their members by millions. Many of them have strange names, such as "The White Lilies," "The Red Door" and "The One-Piece Incense."

Make It Productive.

"It's just an idle rumor," "Well, my wife's sewing club is in session. If those ladies get hold of that idle rumor, they'll soon put it to work."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Artificial Eyes.

Today there are probably more artificial eyes in the world than there have ever been before, yet so excellent is the workmanship used in their manufacture that they can very seldom be detected. The artificial eye, however, will not serve the wearer forever. There are certain orbital fluids which destroy the enamel, thus involving considerable expense for renewal. In view of this, celluloid is often used instead of glass, and lasts longer. The minutest details are carefully reproduced even in the veins on the eyeball and the broken color in a hazel iris.

Walking on Snow.

With the snowshoe, with its broad, latticed, rawhide bottom, serviceable in walking over soft snow, the wearer does not expect to develop much speed, says the American Forestry Magazine. The sport consists in walking on snow so that, without such appendages, he would sink into it. Northern hunters in former times made their own shoes with hatchet and knife, and if leather thongs were not at hand, the lattice soles could be woven of basswood bark, which can be stripped in winter as well as in summer.

Wreath Awaits Innovator.

We are holding a wreath, contributed by an anonymous lover of the silent drama, for the director who in arranging an artist's studio set stations the model so that the artist doesn't have to look over his shoulder at her while at his easel. We know that this suggestion violates studio rules, but the director really ought to take the law of physics into consideration or else use a periscope.—Exchange.

Loved Milliner's Flowers.

It is the custom of the Alaskan Indians to deposit on the grave of a friend some of the things the man or woman had loved best in life. On one grave a milliner in Ketchican, Alaska, recognized a long wreath of flowers as having been purchased at her shop. Each grave is covered over with a floor, roof and balustrade in such manner as to resemble at a distance a little white house.

Perforation of Postage Stamps.

Forty-six perforations are made around the edge of every postage stamp. It is estimated that about 500,000,000 are thus punched every day. This means a similar number of bits of paper. They are collected, repulped and remade into sheets of paper. These are regarded so valuable by the postal authorities that barrels full of them are sold every day.

Coke as Substitute for Sandpaper.

A sandpaper substitute that has special merit for removing rust from tools without scratching is made from crushed coke. The coke is crushed to the required degree of fineness and sifted through a piece of cloth onto a piece of coarse paper, which has been coated with glue. After the glue has dried, the paper is ready for use.

A Scene of Furniture.

It was reserved to Hogarth to write a scene of furniture. The rake's levee-room, the nobleman's dining-room, the apartments of the husband and wife in "Marriage-a-la-Mode," the alderman's parlor, the poet's bed-chamber, and many others, are the history of the manners of the age.—Horace Walpole.

Tree Stumps Take New Life.

Tree stumps without foliage of any sort sometimes live and grow. English experiments have decided that in their search after means of avoiding death, the roots of felled trees will unite with the rootlets of living trees near by, and derive nourishment from them.

Paint Screens With Sponge.

Wire screens can be painted more easily and with better results than by the ordinary method of painting with a brush, if the paint is thinned and applied to the screen with an old sponge.—Edward B. Zolfe, in Popular Mechanics.

The Poet Dryden.

Those well-known and often quoted lines, "None but the brave deserve the fair," are to be found in an ode which was written by Dryden on the Feast of Alexander in honor of St. Cecelia's day, which occurs three days later.

The Speaking Voice.

It is a great mistake to try and talk above noise. It is so much easier and more effective to speak below it; a full, clear tone will carry when a shrill one is not only annoying but very tiring.

Millions for Fish Meals.

Two and a half million dollars is spent every week by the people of Great Britain on fried fish and potato chips, representing an average weekly provision of 30,000,000 meals.

Jud Tunkins.

Jud Tunkins says the man who wants to show everybody that he's boss generally gives an exhibition that is neither entertaining nor instructive.

Good Reason.

As a general thing, the reason a woman doesn't encourage her husband to sing to the baby is because she is part of the audience.—Dallas News.

Worse Than a Cat.

Nothing, since the passing of the hoopskirt, is harder to get permanently thrown away than old phonograph records.

History of the Banana.

The banana, of which the president of the British Fruit Trades' Association says Britain consumed last year 18,000,000 bunches of 10 dozen each, has attained its amazing popularity only in recent times. Sixty years ago the banana was such a novelty that one finds Mr. E. L. Blanchard, the Drury Lane dramatist, noting in his diary for July 7, 1864: "Strolled through Covent Garden, tasting bananas for the first time; a portable sausage, tasting something like a marrow flavored with pineapple."

To Dig Up Early Athens

No search for the buried gold of Captain Kidd can surpass in thrills the work of American archaeologists digging up ancient Athens. Their revelations may quite eclipse in artistic and scholastic value the discovery of Tut's tomb. To-day pilgrims gaze on the Parthenon and other ruins and revel in the treasures of the museum. But in the near future more marvels of ancient Greece will beckon them thither. American antiquarians, having secured a concession from the Greek Government will completely uncover the Agora.

The Agora—the place of the market which was only been partly uncovered — has so long escaped the spade because a population of 20,000 people live in the maze of crooked streets which cover its forty acres. Along its narrow lanes may be seen the stucco walls and tiled roofs of little houses not unlike their forerunners of 2,500 years ago. In the walls of these houses are fragments of ancient days. Inscriptions catch the glance which would perhaps complete some precious annal. Broken columns stand at doorways as fenders against passing wheels. Blocks marked by tools of long ago protrude from the unpaved streets. Here within reach of the spade lies a buried epic.

It would cost $1,000,000 to begin demolition of the little houses and $3,000,000 or more to complete the excavation. The Greek owners have put up their prices in hopes of Yankee gold. As in Rome, Egypt and other places of ancient civilization the ruins of Athens have been buried under many feet of debris. Buildings have been built on the foundations of older structures and the earthy accumulation of ages has grown on the sites. The Agora or market place is no exception. Ancient monuments jutting from the earth show that the remains of Turkish and Byzantine times lay beneath just a few feet of soil. The Roman level is encountered at ten feet or less, the Hellenistic or connecting period at 12 to 14 feet, and the purely Hellenic period lies from 18 to 25 feet deep, varying with the ground level.

Descending from where the ancient Theseum, best preserved of all Hellenic temples, stands on a low eminence, one sees the excavated remains of what may be the Royal Stoa. Modern authorities disagree about this but that is how Pausanias, the Greek scholar, describes it in his guide book to Athens written in the second century after Christ. Pausanias, to whom the world is much indebted for his careful descriptions, says that the Stoa was a buildings and dealt with the work of what even then was termed ancient Greece. Some of the ruins date from a place from the fifth century B.C. It was on the steps of the Royal Stoa that Socrates was first arraigned and perhaps the cell in which he took the poison hemlock lies hard by under a heap of rubbish.

Half a city block away the visitor is confronted by an ugly wall. It forms a rectangle and booths cluster about two sides. Knocking on a door the visitor steps from the present to the past. Before him lies the Stoa of Attalus. All around lies a collection of statuary fragments. A headless statue maintains its ancient dignity. Fallen capitals of columns that American museums would give much money to possess lie half buried in the earth. Fragments of cornices and blocks have been stacked together in the much cordwood. Everywhere are dim inscriptions, broken columns, shattered sculpture. One of these inscriptions written across several large blocks attest that the Stoa was the gift of Attalus II., King of Pergamon 159-138 B.C.

The ends of the huge easterly wall still stand just as they were erected in the king's time, 380 feet from tip to tip. In ancient days a row of Doric columns fronted this stoa and behind them a row of Ionic columns. Back of these columns were 21 rooms used for storage.

Between the fifth century B.C. and the second century A.D., according to a writer in the New York Times, the Agora was twice enlarged and consists of three market places, each joined to the other and representing the three periods. In this same locality is the ancient public library. Partial excavation has revealed a building 400 feet by 270 feet with apparently a delivery desk at one end where a visitor doubtless signed a book receipt as the papyrus roll he was going to read. One may picture it with alabaster walls, gilded ceilings and ornamented with statues and paintings.

Excavation of the Agora will exceed in importance the discoveries of Delphi and Olympia, states Dr. Miller, celebrated archaeologist. Many associated buildings will be uncovered in the process, and the wealth of historical information awaiting is beyond estimate. Things not mentioned at all or only dimly hinted at by ancient writers may be settled. Who knows but that some inscription may not solve the riddle of the Eleusinian mysteries which have baffled scholars for ages. Lost books of the ancients may lie beneath the pavements as two books of Epicurus lay buried in Herculaneum. In fact, the whole scholastic world has turned attention to the Athenian Agora as the greatest known treasure house of ancient learning, of art and history.

Motor-Boats In Venice.

The picturesque gondola of Venice is rapidly giving place to the more prosaic and speedier motor-boat, says Popular Science Monthly. It is doubtful whether the gondola will ever disappear entirely from the Venetian canals, and for leisurely gliding along the Grand Canal and up the side canals the gondola will always holds its own. But for rapid transit the motor-taxi will displace it.

Hymn Quickly Composed.

Perhaps the most quickly written hymn was "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," which was composed by Bishop Heber in little more than fifteen minutes.

Expert at It.

"Jim married a masseuse, didn't he?" "Yes, and she certainly rubs it into him."—Boston Transcript.

Sure Thing.

Care may kill people, but don't care kills more.—Boston Transcript.

Savages Use Iron Ore.

Explorers have been astonished to find in the wilds of Africa savages acquainted with the getting of iron from the ore and working it. To smelt the ore they use a primitive furnace of baked mud, with charcoal for fuel and bellows to obtain the required temperature. It seems altogether likely that the knowledge of these processes was originally derived in prehistoric days from the Arabs and Phoenicians, who then, as in later times, overran most of Africa.

Australia's Climate.

A word should correct the impression, too prevalent, that Australia is a continent of untempered heat throughout a torrid year. It would be strange if a continent of Australia's size could not show every variety of climate. In Sydney's hot months, for example, a few hours' journey by train will take you to the heights of the Blue mountains, where nights that clamor for the warmth of a wood fire temper the hot, dry sunshine of perfect days.—Exchange.

Origin of Word "Doll" Obscure.

The origin of the word "doll" is obscure, but the common explanation frequently given that the word is an abbreviation of "idol" or "idol," is said by the best authorities to be certainly wrong. It is thought probable that the word is derived from Doll or Dolly, diminutives of the woman's name, "Dorothy," which in Greek signifies the gift of God; hence the idea of a gift to a child for a plaything.

A Lost Art.

An old shepherd who has just died in a village a few miles from here was unable to count beyond three. Nevertheless, he had charge of large flocks of sheep and could tell not merely when one was missing, but which particular animal had disappeared. The old man was unwilling to explain how he did it, and the secret had died with him.—Leighton Buzzard correspondence, London Daily Mail.

Grapeshot and Canister.

Grapeshot was a bunch of pellets about the size of grapes, held together in a canvas bag, or by an iron pin and a series of iron plates containing holes in which the shot rested. Canister consisted of a number of cast iron balls, a half to one inch in diameter, which were contained in one shell. Both were used in the Civil war.

Child's Idea of Rain.

Children are not naturally irreverent, though they sometimes say things that rather shock the grown-ups. A little Brookline girl of five was asked by her playmate what caused the rain in the garden, and with perfect innocence, "Don't you know? It's when God is taking a baff and splashes the water out over the tub."—Boston Transcript.

Refers to Rail Bird.

The saying "thin as a rail" does not refer to a fence rail, as is commonly supposed, but to the bird known as a rail. The rails, of which there are several species in this country, live in marshes and have extremely compressed bodies so that they may thread their way between reeds and rushes.

Communing With Herself.

One day while mother went to town Bobby was left in grandma's care, who, always being alone, had developed the habit of thinking aloud. After watching her going about her work, talking to herself the while, Bobby innocently asked: "Is you tellin' yourself somesing, grandma?"

Island's Fine Climate.

The island of Majorca, one of the Balearic Isles off the coast of Spain in the Mediterranean sea, is believed to have the finest climate in the world. Its temperature remains practically stationary at 70 degrees and breezes blow constantly.

Has Poor Opinion of Percy.

Percy Noodles says that when he asked the capitalist's daughter what she would do if he got a job as newspaper reporter, she said she would expect his first day and his last day to come before his pay day.—Dallas News.

Irritability Denotes Sickness.

Parents would do well to remember that when their children are cross or irritable it is not always to be set down mean dispositions as an illness of some sort. In young children irritability is one of the first symptoms of physical discomfort. If the cross child inquires proper attention at once very often the establishment of disease can be prevented. The best method is to restrict the diet and stimulate the elimination till the child's disposition is normal again.—Exchange.

Blue Favored by Men.

Ask any man what color he likes his wife or sweetheart to wear, and it's ten chances to one he'll tell you "white" or "blue." White has always been held to represent purity. The Bible uses that color to symbolize absolute stainlessness; poets from the very first have sung about it, and writers have written about the loveliness of a good woman's soul. In the same way blue has always been held to mean gentleness, truth and steadfastness.

Hard to Estimate One's Powers.

It is just as hard for a man to estimate his own powers, except by performance, as it is for him to estimate those of another. The feeling of power seems to be no guide at all. The world is full of egotistical fools who seem to feel genuinely sure that they were born to high destiny, while many great men can scarcely believe in their own powers, even after they have discovered them.—Exchange.

Pike's Peak Conquered.

July 15, 1820. Dr. Frank James astonished the world by climbing to the top of Pike's peak, 14,100 feet above the sea. In April, 1919, as government war tank attempted to climb the peak, but was blocked by snow. A month later a caterpillar tractor made the ascent. Thousands of tourists now ascend the high every year by automobile.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,

Next to Oaton's.

TIMOTHY SEED !

No. 1 for Purity for Fall Seeding

LAWN SEED

Government Tested

This ts a good time to sow this seed to freshen up the lawn for spring.

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Everything clean and sanitary.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

We carry a full line of pipes, cigarettes and tobacco. Our prices are right

Bring your films to us. 25 years experience at developing and printing. Enlargements made on short notice.

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Prompt attention to night or day calls.

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An automatic lowering device with green grass grave lining, and earth covering, have been recently added to the equipment. This is one of the most up-to-date equipments that can be purchased.

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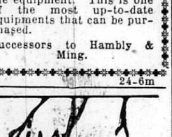

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In one minute you can end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They remove the cause of corns by eliminating the cause, *friction-pressure*. No danger of infection from cutting or corrosive acids.

Zino-pads are *thin*; antiseptic, *waterproof*. They protect while they heal. Sizes for corns, callouses and bunions. Get today and get a box of this new, simple corn treatment.

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

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WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.

The Great English Preparation, Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $1 per box, 3 for $2. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

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Roofing !

Johns-Manville's celebrated asbestos, slate surfaced shingles and roll roofing. Will not burn or rot.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Mr. Frank Marsh has purchased the former Joy farm on the Belleville Road from Mr. John Mack.

"Daddy Long Legs," Wednesday and Thursday, October 27th and 28th. 46-8

At the Pavement Dance on Thursday night, Mr. W. H. Boyle held the lucky number, which was 723.

Mr. Herman Demorest, a former resident of Napanee, died last week at his home in Syracuse, N.Y.

A drive-shed on the farm of Mr. R. Hartman, near Ernestown station, was destroyed by fire on Monday of last week. Cause of fire unknown.

The Kingston Salvation Army Band were visitors to Napanee on Tuesday of last week and gave a splendid band concert in the Town hall to a large appreciative audience.

At the drawing at the Napanee Band's street dance on Thursday evening last, Mr. W. H. Boyle was the holder of the lucky ticket entitling the owner to ten dollars in groceries.

Napanee Athletes at the Ontario Athletic Sports held in Toronto made a very creditable showing. Fred Ballard was third in the pole vault, his mark being 10 ft. 6 in., or 2 inches below that made by the winner. In the relay race the locals were fourth.

St. Mary Magdalene's Church was beautifully decorated for the annual Harvest Festival services which were held on Sunday, and the music was well rendered and appropriate to the occasion. The congregation was especially large in the evening when the preacher was the Very Rev. Dean Craig, Rector of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, who gave a powerful and eloquent address on some of the Harvest lessons.

The steamer Jeska, a coal carrier running between American ports and Kingston, was swamped and sank early Saturday morning outside of Fairhaven harbor. The crew all got ashore safely, the only loss being the boat and the coal. The steamer left Kingston for Fairhaven Wednesday night, after unloading coal at Swift's wharf. The coal which was in her holds at the time of being swamped, was consigned to James Swift's and Co., Kingston.

A. Smeathers, baker, and his son, of Odessa, had a miraculous escape from being seriously injured and perhaps killed on Monday evening. They were driving in a car on the York Road, west of Odessa, when a car travelling from Kingston, at a fast rate of speed crashed into their car. Smeathers and his son were thrown about the car, which was put into the ditch. The other car, so it is stated, continued on its way without stopping.

"Let us watch and be sober," 1 Thess. 5-6 ; "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men," Gal. 6-10 ; "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ," 2 Tim. 2-3 ; "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," 2 Cor. 5-17 ; "Who gave Himself for our sins that He might deliver us from the present evil world, according to the will of God, our Father," Gal. 1-4.

Hark my soul ! it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word,
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee
Say, poor sinners, lov'st thou Me?

A BIBLE LOVER.

Edward Chamberlain, 67, 103 Peck Avenue, an employe of the New York Central Railroad for many years, died last night at the Syracuse General Hospital after a three weeks' illness. He was a member of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, Lodge 579, and the Salt Springs Lodge 520, F. and A.M. Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Chamberlain ; two daughters, Mrs. C. A. Keenly and Mrs. W. E. Griffin ; a son, Edward Chamberlain, and a brother, George Chamberlain ; three sisters, Mrs. George T. Mackinder, Mrs. Charles Graves and Mrs. Fred Guckert, and a grandson, Herbert Chamberlain. The body was taken to the home by Trangott Company. Funeral services will take place Thursday afternoon at 8 o'clock at the family home, 103 Peck Avenue, the Rev. Walter Bennett, pastor of the St. Albans Episcopal Church, officiating. Masonic funeral services at the grave in Woodlawn. Deceased was a former resident of Enterprise, Ontario.—Syracuse Herald, August 9th.

Accepted Definitions.

The bureau of standards says that the momentum of a moving body is defined as the product of the mass of the body times the velocity. An everyday definition of mass is the quantity of matter in the body, whereas the weight of the body is the force exerted on the body by the earth. The mass of a body is unchangeable, whereas the weight is zero both at the center of the earth and at great distances from the earth.

Tribute to the Clematis.

No clematis is like another clematis it climbs differently ; the setting is different : it consorts with different flowers in different surroundings ; and as it puts forth its tender leaves, the delicate leaf stalks grip here, there, and instantly curl round the support. Climbing plants are versatile, always unexpected, and refined : generous to those with whom they live, not proud, and a very real joy to all travelers.—Christian Science Monitor.

CALL VANLUVEN

For Cannel Coal for your fireplace.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Rev. and Mrs. Merrick spent last week in Toronto.

Mrs. T. B. Wallace and Miss Helen entertained at bridge on Monday evening.

Mr. James Laughland was in Kemptville a couple of days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hodgson, former residents of Napanee, are removing from Grand Forks, N. D., to Toronto.

Miss Carrie Cowan, Boston, is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Cowan.

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Rev. W. P. Woodger and Rev. A. J. Wilson attended the United Church conference in Toronto last week.

Miss Laura Vine has entered the Fifth Avenue Hospital, New York, as a nurse-in-training.

Mr. W. G. Fretts is on a trip to the Pacific Coast visiting various places enroute.

Mrs. F. F. Miller and Miss Diana Miller leave shortly to spend the winter in Vancouver, B.C.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Ming, Ottawa, spent the week-end with their parents here.

Mr. Hamel Benn left on Wednesday last for Detroit, Mich., where he has secured a good position.

Mrs. Mines and Mrs. Wallace, Toronto, are guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Tierney.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stevens, Tormto, spent the week-end the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Davy.

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman is attending a meeting of the Bay of Quinte Clerical Union this week at Bancroft.

Mr. Albert McCracken will return to Toronto on Wednesday, after spending a month with relatives and friends at Roblin and vicinity.

Rev. H. K. Coleman of Sharbot Lake, spent Sunday at the marriage and assisted at the Harvest Festival services in St. Mary Magdalene's Church.

Mr. and Mrs. E. VanAlstyne and daughter, Mrs. H. Carley and two children and Mrs. Gerox and little son, of Brockville, motored up on Thursday and spent over the week-end with Mrs. N. VanAlstyne, Mill street, and relatives at Empey Hill.

MARRIAGES

Campbell—Grange—On Saturday, Oct. 2nd, at the Church of the Epiphany, Tornto, by the Rev. Sextus Stiles, Lela Agnes Grange, daughter of Mrs. Harriet Grange, Tornto, to Dr. Gordon E. Campbell, 1062 Dovercourt Road, son of Mr. and Mrs. Willis J. Campbell, Hamilton.

DEATHS

Normile—At Napanee, on Tuesday, October 5th, 1926, William J. Normile, aged 64 years.

Shannon—At Newburgh, on Friday, October 8th, 1926, Isabell Shannon, aged 77 years.

AT VANLUVEN'S

You can get 2 tons of D. L. & W. hard coal—good clean coal—for $27.00.

THE HORSE IN WARFARE.

Military Correspondent's Faith In Horse Remains Unshaken.

Horses are not yet a back number in warfare, according to a military correspondent of the London Times, who watched the recent manoeuvres at Aldershot, which included the usual bodies of troops supplemented by aircraft, and what were called "mechanical troops." He prefers to use the term "mechanicalized movement" to remove the false impression that man-power and the spirit and endeavor of the soldier are mechanicalized. In the Suakin desert forty years ago transport depended on baggage camels moving at a foot pace. In the Boer War, twenty-five years ago, reliance was put on ox wagons moving at about one-half the speed at which good infantry can march. During the Great War the campaigns in Palestine and Mesopotamia were conducted under very similar conditions. "Looking back at all these conditions we get much food for thought upon the future of mobile warfare when convoys will move so much faster than the troops they serve."

Enthusiasts for mechanicalization will ask why the fighting troops cannot be made as mobile as their transport by using mechanical vehicles. The Times' correspondent has come to the conclusion after three years' experience in watching "embussing" and "debussing" infantry, as at present equipped, that it does not pay to "embus" them for a movement much shorter than one for which entrainment would be done if a railway line were available. "Turning to the cavalry," he says, "my faith in the horse, for wars in which the British army is most likely to be required, remains unshaken." Army opinion is divided on the subject, but last year's manoeuvre report has this significant expression: "It may be assumed that, after an approach march of 50 miles under war conditions, it is not safe to count on more than 75 per cent. of the total strength in tanks being available for action." This supports the correspondent's statement at the time that during the whole course of the operations he saw many disabled machines, but only two lame horses.

Times Change.

Scientists are to search Asia for golden monkeys with blue noses. Time was when such creatures were seen in this country by men with red noses.—Boston Transcript.

Chief Ailment.

A large proportion of our troubles is caused by too much bone in the head and not enough in the back.—Columbus (S. C.) Record.

The Best Rule.

Think twice before you speak, then talk to yourself.—Arkansaw Thomas Cat.

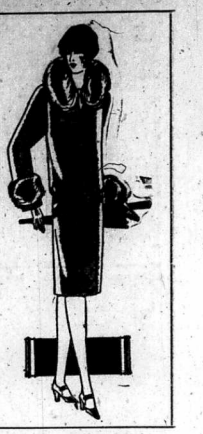
Merchandise that is Timely and Interesting at ROBINSON'S

Fall and Winter Coats

For Women and Misses

Luxuriously Trimmed with Smart Furs

At Prices that tell a story of wonderful value



Right at the first of the season we set out to get the best possible coat values for the women of this vicinity. With the co-operation of several of Canada's finest coat houses, that year after year have worked with us, we were able to capture our objective—hence we are able to present a collection of Coats that are remarkable from every viewpoint. The quality, the style, the fit are absolutely perfect.

The Season's Smartest Styles

The loose wrappy Coat. The slender straight-line Coat. The Coat that is softly blossed and slim below the hips. The Coat with dolman sleeves. The Coat with raglan shoulders. Coats with large mushroom collars. Coats with long shawl collars. Coats with military collars. Coats with cuffs of fur to match the collars. These are the Coats that are scoring high honors in centres of Fashion. See them at Robinson's.

Furs of fine quality—Cocoa and Grey Wolf, Kolinsky Squirrel, Coon, Opossum in numerous shades and Mandel.

The newest suede-finished fabrics, soft pile materials, bold and sombre plaids, plushes.

Too much cannot be said of the importance of color in the Autumn made—Wine Reds, Granite Grey, Larkspur Blue, Wood Browns, Navy and Black.

Prices from $14.95 to $117.50. All sizes

DECORATING THE HOME FOR WINTER

NEWEST IN FLOOR COVERINGS AND DRAPERIES

UNQUESTIONABLY RAYON IS THE MOST POPULAR MATERIAL FOR WINDOW CURTAINS

Rayon is exclusive.
Rayon is washable.
Rayon is lustrous.
Rayon is beautiful.
Rayon may be had by the yard.
Rayon may be had in sections.
Rayon may be had in panels.

RAYON GAUZE is sheer and lustrous and is adaptable for either curtains or with fringe as panels. Shown here in deep Ecru or Paris, 50 inches wide, and priced only $1.00 per yd.

RAYON CABLE NET is a heavy, open weave, golden in tint, 50 inches wide, and only 95 cents per yard.

RAYON NETS are 45 and 50 inches wide, White, Ivory or Honey shade. Priced $1.50 to $2.19 per yard.

RAYON SECTIONAL PANELLING is light honey in shade, 90 inches deep and scalloped on the bottom edge. The panels may be divided every nine inches, making it very desirable for either very narrow or very wide windows and Bay windows, where a continuous curtain is desired.

RAYON PANELS are finished with Bullion fringe, and hang beautifully. Our newest Rayon panel is 43 inches wide and 2¼ yards long, light honey tint, and priced only $3.95 each. Other Rayon panels priced up to $4.95 each.

OVER DRAPES

Are now in use almost universally and while the colorings are in many cases strong and vivid, there are many, many more of a much more quiet nature, notably the imported silk finish Scotch Madras, which comes in Rose, Gold, Blue, and numerous color combinations. These are all 50 inches wide and when split in two makes a very handsome drape, using only one length to each window.

Repp, French Taffeta, Silk Cloths, Velour, single or double faced, hand block Chintz, and other materials, are equally popular.

We have a special Window Rod Department, which we guarantee will furnish you with rods to fit any type of window on shortest notice and at lowest price.

We are always pleased to have you come to us with your window dressing problems. We can help you.

For the Bed Room there is a smart, white frilled curtain, with Gold, Blue or Rose frill and tie backs, only $1.50 per pair.

A NEW DIRECT SHIPMENT OF ENGLISH VELVET RUGS, SEAMLESS QUALITY

The soft, lustrous, deep pile of these Rugs place them in a class by themselves. They are made in lovely soft colorings, only equalled in Wiltons, are wonderfully good to wear and very easy to sweep. Sizes 7½ ft. x 9 ft ; 9 ft. x 9 ft. ; 9 ft. x 10½ ft. ; 9 ft. x 12 ft.

Priced $35 to $57.50, according to size. Come in and see these beautiful rugs.

New Junior Floor Lamps with handsome hand painted and crystalline finished parchment shades. Very special, $11.00 complete.

Bridge Lamps, very latest finish, with special feature, only $6.00 each. Complete with shades $9.00, $10.50, $13.50, $17.50, $18.50. Shades for Bridge Lamps, $3.00, $4.50, $7.50, $11.50, $12.50 each.

SATIN FACE CREPE IS RICH AND IN GOOD REPUTE FOR FALL

We have made special efforts to acquire a real good value in this line of fashionable silk fabrics. This special line is of Swiss manufacture, has good weight and rich, glossy finish. Our special price is $2.25 per yard, and shown in the following shades : Zinc, White, Claret Red, Cookie, Sonora, Biscotte, Malabar, Chevreuse, Crabapple, Powder Blue, Blue Spruce, Navy Blue, Oakbuff, Cocoa, Burnt Almond, Brown, 38 inches wide.

MEN'S MADE-TO-MEASURE SUITS

FOR MEN WHO WANT STYLE AND QUALITY IN THEIR CLOTHES AT LOW COST

With chilly winds just around the corner there's a question uppermost in many minds—What is a profitable buy in Men's Clothes for Fall ?

We have the answer ready in three special ranges that have been added to our already extensive showing of samples of Fall and Winter Suitings.

These three prices have all the smartness of correct style, which characterizes every garment we turn out. Each is tailored and finished to the high standards, from fine materials and trimmings and each at its price, is exceptional value.

Made-to-Measure Suits, $26.50, $31.50 and $35.00.

Come in and examine the materials for yourself. The samples are ready, showing the full range of rich Tweeds and Worsteds. We'll be glad to see you.

$25 – MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S OVERCOATS – $25

IN VERY NEWEST MODELS

The best values we have shown in years. Dependable materials, dependable trimmings, dependable tailoring, up-to-the-minute models. We are very proud of the Coats. Space does not permit enlarging upon their superiority. Call and see for yourself. We feel sure they will appeal to you. Will be pleased to show you.

Men's and Young Men's Single and Double Breasted Suits At $25.00

They come in sizes 34 to 44 and are made from superior qualities of all wool materials, Plain Blues, Fancy Blues, Brown and Green Mixtures.

All guaranteed as to trimmings, workmanship, style and fit.

You will find these Suits unsurpassed for attractiveness and durability.

Sizes 34 to 44.

Specially priced at $25.00.

NEW ARRIVALS IN SNAPPY HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

Shapes that are right up to the minute and which will appeal to all the Young Men.

Shades are medium and light Grey and Fawn. All have particularly attractive bands. Priced at $2.95 each.

CAPS FOR THE SMALL AND LARGER BOYS

For the little chaps the "Bobby Lee" is still the predominating style. It's smaller shape certainly appeals to the smaller lads. Plain and fancy Tweeds, $1.00 each.

For the larger boys we have a very extensive range from which to make a choice. Priced from 75c. to $1.25.

BOYS' GOLF OR SPORT HOSE

The largest range of colorings we have ever stocked, and the weight just suitable for the Fall and Winter months.

Colors are mixed Heathers, assorted shades Greys, Fawns, Browns, etc. Sizes run from 7½ to 10. Made in England, 75c. pair.

MEN'S HEAVY WORK SOX

Never have we had better values or a more extensive range than we have at the present time.

In addition to Penman's lines we have stocked four lines made by Stanfield's of Truro, N.S., and it will certainly pay you to take a look at these. Made from an extra good quality pure wool yarn, and are far superior to the other lines of Sox which are sold all over the country at the same price.

Light Fawns, Medium Greens, Greys, etc., 50 cents pair.

STANFIELD'S UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

It will soon be time to be purchasing your winter supply of Underwear and we wish to remind you that Stanfields' All Wool Ribbed is still perched on the top rung as being the best in the country. Prices are lower than last year, which will be welcome news. As usual we have stocked the three standard numbers, Gold Label, Blue Label, Red Label, pure wool, unshrinkable.

MEN'S BROADCLOTH SHIRTS

In a varied and most attractive range of colorings and patterns. These are new arrivals and you will be particularly pleased with them. Sizes from 14 to 17½.

Quality, Service, Value.

THE ROBINSON CO.

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We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.